

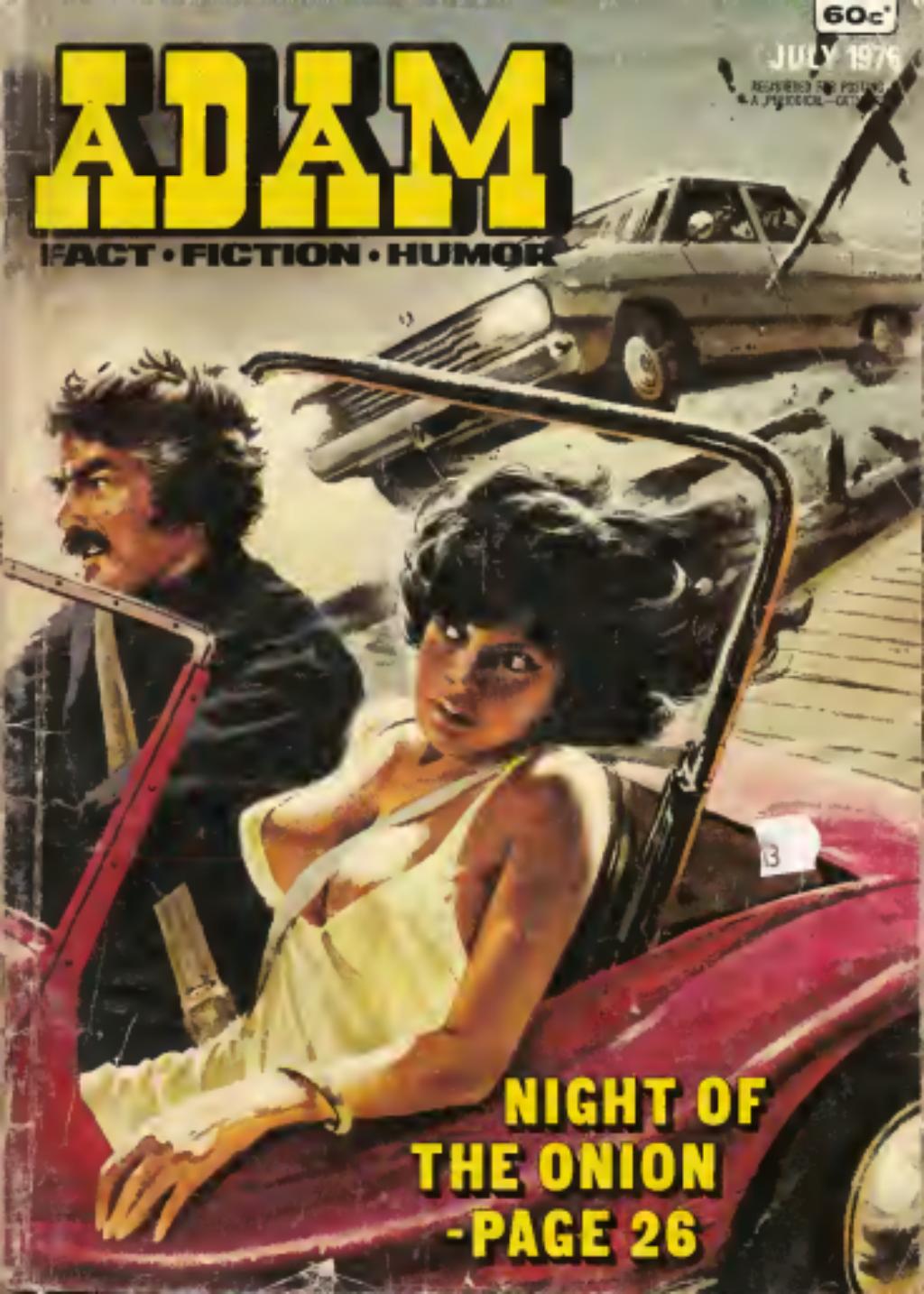
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JULY 1976

REPRODUCED FOR POSTING  
A POSTCARD - OCTOBER

# ADAM

FACT • FICTION • HUMOR



**NIGHT OF  
THE ONION  
-PAGE 26**

girls

# man

ANNUAL 1976

A COLLECTOR'S

EDITION

MAN ANNUAL  
OUT NOW

gags

girls

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# ADAM

JULY, 1978  
VOL 61, No. 2





# ANYBODY CAN MAKE A MISTAKE

Depending on the target, a bazooka is one helluva gun. One moment the cruiser was there, the next...

FICTION/E. J. Bailey

IT ALL STARTED one morning about three weeks ago. I remember I'd woken in a cold sweat and it took me time to focus. First the fishing net again, then the buzzed light bulb and, last of all, her.

She got up from the chair and walked across, peering about a metre short of the rusty cot and saying nothing. She did everything in slow time, so I could zero in on the relevant features... especially the loose cotton top that gave her breasts room to move and breathe as she walked.

"You are Harry Carter?"

I nodded, pinching myself to make sure I wasn't watching a mid-day movie.

"Harry Carter, at Koroa, Kenya and the Congo?"

"The same."

"In that case," she said, "Can you make it to the bathroom by yourself and clean up? I want to see the Harry Carter of the 50s and 60s. I'm not mad about the 1970s model. Frankly, it stinks."

For two whole seconds I stayed there. I even thought why the hell should this woman tell me what to do. Then she leaned forward and her full, high breasts were almost spilling out of the low-cut top and I was her man... any time, any place.

While I was dithering under the shower I heard her making coffee. She even found a clean pair of pants and a shirt I didn't know I had. When I looked in the mirror, so help me, I didn't recognize myself.

"Not bad. Not bad at all," she

said. "A bit of blubber on the gut but the shoulders and legs are still good."

Hot coffee was searing my throat as she took a small notebook from a fancy purse. When she started to read it was as though seconds had pushed the clock back two decades.

"Koroa, 1952. You were doing well until you wound up with a disconcerting discharge. Some trouble with a grenade being tossed into an officer's tent."

I let her have it. "Look, I was 18 and I was drunk. That man had killed four of the platoon because he was stupid. I only wanted to scare him. Believe me, if I had wanted to knock him off I wouldn't have blown it, drunk or sober."

"I believe you, but let's press on — Kenya, 1954. There you really were a hero. Saving a woman's life and killing 11 Mao-Mao in the process. The papers were full of it. How fortunate that you were there, helping that widow with the farm chores, when they raided the place."

"Chap," I said. "I went there to make love, and that's precisely what we were doing when the bastards hit us."

"Okay, but it was your finest hour. Now to 1964... a pregnancy in the Congo. I wouldn't doubt for a moment that you did your job well, though you still managed to hit a minefield from a Belgian bank. They never did get the money back."

"No, they didn't. But with Belgian forces running at around 50 to the Australian did it, plus a lot of pay-offs, all I got was about 20,000 in hard money. It lasted six months."

"And after that the big shot. When they knocked you back for Vietnam you started bemoaning around. You have been thrown out of every bar in town. Is that what you want, Harry?"

She was close by me now. I hadn't noticed her get up because for one moment I was back at shaking Stanleyville, the South's sweating out of me in fist as I drank it.

"And what's the alternative?"

"For starters, 50,000 dollars, tax-free," she said. "After that, who knows?"

"In exchange for what?"

She waited for what seemed a long time but was really only seconds.

"For blowing up an armored car, that's for what, Harry. We want a professional and you're it, sweetheart. You're one of the best exterminators in the business."

In some ways I wasn't surprised by what she said. It had to be business. No woman like her would want to fool around with a 41-year-old rocker who was on the skids. I was still thinking about it when she leaped across me to pick up an edition. It was like a room lens. The viewing was fine, just fine.

"Are you in or out, Harry?"

I told her, sure, I was in. She seemed relieved though with her it was hard to tell. Then she said we had to set a man so we went down the paper-thin stairs and got into a car worth all of 15 grand. When I asked how she knew so much about me she said she had a friend in War Records. That was the only time she mentioned it, then and ever.

The man lived in a classy apartment block on the harbor front. The place reeked of mocha and sand all the time. He was around my age and looked gym fit. She told him I was in.

"I take it," he said, "that in your line of work you would have fired practically every weapon in the business. How about a bazooka?"

"No women," I told him. "But why a bazooka?"

"We have a problem." He lit a cigarette as though he had all the time in the world. "Our problem is that we have to do three things simultaneously. We have to stop the armored car, neutralize the crew plus a phone they have in the cabin, and open up the car itself so we can get at the payroll. It occurred to us that a bazooka could do this. What do you think?"

"It depends on the range," I said. "A bazooka isn't an accurate weapon. It hits at or about the target. The car could blow up and we

morning. He took a map from the desk drawer and spread it on the table.

The run was 37 kilometers, the last 16 of which was open country on an army road leading to the base headquarters. This was the section where we would make the hit.

He explained, at some length, how we would do it. At first I saw plenty of problems but after a time I figured we had a 50-50 chance of pulling it off.

He showed me the bazooka. It was a late World War 2/Korea 2.36

mm. He was short and thick-set and had the typical ferret eyes of an ex-con.

Benny took me about 200 kilometers down coast and another 20 inland through the jungle, winding up in a disused forestry trail. It was dead quiet, like somewhere in space.

Normally a bazooka requires two men but with a typed its OK for one man. I pointed out the target... a suddenly emerging about 60 metres off. The first rocket was way off, blowing up a few square metres of bush soil. This seemed to worry Benny. The second shot was better, much better. The third was plumb on.

We got back around 11 pm and I let Benny report in while I headed for the shower. Carl phoned to say he was pleased everything had gone OK. Somehow, even then, I got the feeling that Carl was a worrier... that everything would have to go right... that he was no improviser.

I spent most of the waiting time in the pool. Sometimes she would come down, mostly in the mornings. We would float and have a swim in the water and lie out in the sun. I still couldn't figure her relationship with Carl. I guessed it wasn't the time to ask questions. Later, maybe, but not then.

D day was like the rest of the month. Hot and getting hotter. Benny called for me at 9:30 and said they were set to go. I had one drink and followed him out.

The drive was uneventful. Benny showed his pass at the gate and a guy waved us through. He looked a bit edgy and I figured he was Carl's man on the roads. You get a feel about these things.

At the hit site Benny helped me with the bazooka and rocket, then took off round the curve to hide the car and set himself up. It took me a little longer but after 15 minutes I was ready. I could feel my spine rattle the way it always did before some action. It was like old times.

I heard the motor cycle escort first, right on schedule. Then I saw the bike bounce over the rise and pass through my sight, to be followed almost as quickly by the armored car. To hell with the bike, I thought. The bike was Benny's problem.

I got a rocket off and watched the bottom of the car disappear in a cloud of smoke. While I reloaded I saw the cyclist brake hard, then Benny charging round the bend and firing on the run. The MP was down, but living. He got up fast and made for the rocks on the other side of the



"Hey, daddy! You just went through a red light!"

would get nothing. Maybe it could be done with two angled shots, one up front to stop it, the second to blast off the rear doors. I'll work on it."

He seemed pleased when I told him a bazooka could penetrate up to 10 centimeters of hardened steel. He even poured me a drink and introduced himself. He said his name was Carl and she was Lois. After a few more drinks he outlined the plan.

It didn't sound too complicated, the way he told it. The car carried any army payroll, neatly packaged in envelopes and all folding money. It made the run every second Thursday

inch shoulder type with a tripod. He brought out the framed rockets, six of them, and asked if I wanted names. I told him, no, but it might be a good idea if he found some place nice and quiet where I could blow up a couple of anthills, just to get the feel. He said he would arrange it.

They had even booked a room for me in the apartment—208 on the third level. I hadn't had a room like that since the time I was having a brief affair with the wife of a Belgian多层次

It was three days before they dialed me on the house phone and said to come up and meet Benny, my



"The reason I came to see you, doctor, is . . ." "Strip!"

road, pulling his pistol as he ran. I knew the type . . . and began to run up the flag.

The second rocket blasted the rear end of the armored car about 20 metres into the air. No one had got out of the vehicle, which meant they were hurt or unconscious. I'd aimed low and wide deliberately. It was one thing to knock off a payroll, another to blow four or five guys I didn't know. But someone had to stop the MP and it wasn't going to be stupid Benny who was lying in the road swearing, with a .38 slug in his belly.

I waited for Lois and Carl to drive up and as soon as they showed I lunged down in Benny and grabbed his rifle. I made sure I made fast and easy because that MP knew his stuff.

I yelled to Carl to unload the payroll while I took care of the scary cop. He nodded as though still here, but it was Lois who started dragging out the boxes. Carl just stood there, listening to Benny scream, until the MP dropped him with a high one in the shoulder.

I kept swinging round rocks until I could see the MP and when I got close enough I told him to freeze. There must have been something about the way I said it because he did just that. Then I told him to hug the rockface, heads high, and slugged him hard with the butt of the rifle. He had to hurt for days but he would live to talk about it, and maybe they would give him a medal.

When I got back to the car the boxes had been loaded and Carl was lying down in the back seat, moaning about how much blood he'd lost. I collected the boxes and the remaining rocket and tossed them in with Carl.

"What about Benny?" she asked

"Forget about Benny," I said. "He's got half a day at the most."

"You drive," she said. "I'll tell you where but it won't be through a gate."

I cut across country through brown grass and in and out of dry creek beds. I knew she was looking for a section of fence where there was no deep drainage channel. We both saw it at the same time.

I pinned the motor and hit the fence at around 90 kilometres and watched wire screen get the window as we went through. We were lucky there was no traffic on the road, not then and not when we turned off down a side road.

It took more than an hour to reach the farm. She had been right when she said it was isolated. I carried the four steel boxes into the farmhouse and parked the car in a

barn.

Carl looked about to collapse. It almost made me want to throw up when I thought of guys who joined while someone amputated what was left of an arm that had been sliced by a Mac-Mac plague.

By then I was starting to add it up. First, there was little, if anything, between her and Carl. Next, I wasn't so sure that Carl was the hero. Sure, he had done all the talking, but he didn't ship up his mastermind.

It was two hours before the news came over the car radio. Two of the guards in the armored car were under intensive care, along with Benny. Everyone else was shaken up but OK. The most interesting item was the size of the payroll . . . close to \$600,000. That made my 30 grand small time, especially with Benny off the bandit list. She must have had my mind.

"You know, Harry, you were OK back there. When Benny knew it we were in big trouble. So you get Benny's share. How about that?"

Life is one big poker game. There are times when you have a lucky hand and times when you can sit pat. Sure, I could take my share, and Benny's, and cut out. On the other hand, I could stay in the game. The goal was getting bigger all the time. It was my decision.

"It depends," I said. "For starters, what was Benny's cut?"

"The same as yours — \$50,000."

"It's a matter of simple mathematics," I told her. "I take \$100,000 and you and Carl divide a cool half million. Now you I don't mind but Carl is a white-out. He



"I was playing leapfrog at the company, please note with some of the men in streaming."

won't stop crying until he sees a doctor. Worse, he froze when the action started. He hasn't got what it takes, honey. I know it and you know it."

She spoke a sentence from me. "You know, Harry, you might be right at that. But for a guy who was a bum two weeks ago you're like the girl in the cigarette commercial— you've come a long way, baby."

"It isn't just the money," I said. "It's you and me. We're the same people. I know that the first time I saw you."

She looked at me and thought me. "I'll think about it, Harry. I'll think about it and hard and talk to you tomorrow."

The next day looks fine and hot. I'd slept well on some musty hay in the barn and I could smell coffee. She even had bacon and eggs going in a frypan, like a holiday house.

Carl didn't want any breakfast. He said he'd had a rough night and his shoulder was giving him hell. He didn't look anything like the Carl back in that classy apartment. In a couple more days he would look like a bum. He would be another Harry Carter that was. There was quite a touch about that. The fall swing of the pendulum.

Mid-morning it had climbed over 90, old style, even in the house. She walked over to an old pump in the courtyard and tried it but it was too heavy for her. I gave the handle a few tugs until cold well water was spouting. "Keep it going, Harry," she said suddenly.

I watched her calmly strip naked, honey tanned in the sun. I had my answer then. I knew that Carl was expendable—that it was down to me and her, as I'd suggested. Me and her 1000,000 in animated bills.

That afternoon she told Carl we would take him to a doctor but that we would have to be careful. It couldn't be any doctor. We would have to play it by ear. Carl was satisfied. Right then he wasn't thinking about the money. He simply didn't want to die.

We kept listening to the radio. It was three more days before we figured it was safe to move out. In lots of ways they were the best days I could remember. We found a deep hole in the rock and spent most of our time in the water or talking about what we would do with the money or making love in the shade of a leafy oak. One day she told me about the boat.

The boat was about 100 kilometers up the coast. A 20 metre cruiser, painted up and provisioned. I

figured they had planned to cruise until the heat died down. She didn't have to tell me what she had in mind. We would start out with Carl but only two of us would sleep out.

We left around 2pm, bugging the back roads. I drove and she sat in the back with Carl who soon dropped off. She did the navigating, her brain cool and compartmented. By 5pm we were paralleling the coast. Suddenly she told me to stop and she pointed down. I saw the boat tied to a small jetty and swinging in the surf tide. Just the boat, the jetty and a small shed. Nothing else and no one around.

## SHACK-UP FOR THE BOSS



Once a girl lets her been made up with her mommy she has only two ways to go: 1. marry her; 2. look for another job, which is usually easier to run the sex off.

"It was brought here yesterday," she said. "The same man will come back in a couple of days to pick up the car and check the area to make sure there's no evidence we were here."

"And what about Carl?"  
She shrugged perfect shoulders. "I guess this is the end of the road for Carl. Take him down into the scrub and bury him. There's a shovel in the back of the car."

"You going to keep it?"  
"About an hour ago. A little something in his coffee this morning. That was the best way. Poor Carl could never stand pain."

I did as she said. When I got back to the car I was sweating a river.

"You're doing fine, Harry," she said softly, and moved in close and kissed me. "Now let's drive down

and get everything we need onto the boat."

By this time we finished loading. I could tell she knew plenty about boats. Then she found a key which opened the small boat shed overgrown and told me to drive the car in.

Everything was so organized that I knew Carl couldn't have handled it. Carl just found the hand bands. Except me. She had found me. Or was there someone else, why tip top, who was waiting for her up coast? No, that couldn't be. Not the way she had acted towards me back at the farm.

I was still thinking it around when I felt a hotish stab in my back as I got out of the car, and then I had all the answers.

I turned carefully until I faced her. The automobile was rock steady and no one had to tell me she knew how to use it.

"This is where we part, Harry," she said. "Believe me, it wasn't planned this way. Everyone was going to get his share. But, as you said, it became a case of simple mathematics."

"And there's no one else?" I wasn't smiling for time when I said that I had to know.

"Just me, Harry. That's the way it will always be because that's the way I am." And she pulled the trigger.

I lay there, my blood seeping up fast in the dry sand floor as she slammed the door. I figured I had about 10 minutes left. My gut was on fire as I got to my feet and opened the car door, almost breaking out. Time. Everything took time. Every move was slow, laborious, painful, but somehow I had to do it.

I could hear her purring the motor and I sensed she was thinking of many things but none of them connected with Harry Carter. Harry Carter was a mercenary here who stalked in and out of her life, period.

I managed to open one half of the door and set everything up. One shot, that was all I had. The bullet seemed to weigh a tonne, the rocket half a tonne. The cruiser was three, maybe four hundred metres off the jetty. A hell of a long shot at any time.

I splashed and heard the whoosh as the rocket took off on its low trajectory, honing like a guided missile.

I saw the hit. One moment the cruiser was there. Next there was nothing. Nothing except the beating, frightened gulls.

I felt better then. Even the pain in my gut was fading fast.



Something savage drew him to the bottom of the world, separating him from the herd, driving him insanely through packs of killer sharks, giant squid, ambushes of his ultimate enemy—man.

# DEATH RUN OF THE LONELY GIANT

**T**HERE WAS LITTLE for him to feed upon in this area of the warm Atlantic surface waters, so the huge sperm whale dove, circling down, searching; 100, 200 feet, down into twilight, body adjusting to the incredible crushing weight of the depths. Down into evening, and there in the gloom he found another hunter. Ten arms of nightmare, each arm lined with suckers, each sucker rimmed with claws, a parrot beak of a mouth that could bite through steel plate, it was the Kraken of ancient Norse songs. The beast that dragged down ships and men. A giant squid.

Fifty feet of writhing flesh, it had no intention of running away. It too was hungry and was hunting.

The sperm whale charged. The giant squid, waited to receive him, arms unfolding umbrella-like for the deadly embrace. Suddenly it squirted ink, a dark, rugged cloud of sepia that hung in the water. In the depths the cloud

By STAN PEDERSON  
Illustrations by Bruce





NOREM

resembled the squid and predators would go blundering in, expecting to find something solid. Behind the curtain the squid had stood to where he could strike a vulnerable spot and won.

The old whale was horribly scared from many such battles. He was not fooled by the ink cloud. Swirling with an mighty surprise for one of his great bulk, he angled to the ink, a place-rite eye rolling to see not what was behind the squid pool but where its maker was.

under the whale's jaw, locking it, preventing him from taking a new bite.

Cold blood versus warm blood. Instinct versus intelligence. A primitive fight for survival.

The sperm whale shook his tremendous head, trying to dislodge the adhesive grip. He whirled over and over in an attempt to spin loose. The tentacle caught in his jaw was severed by the mighty teeth, was thrown from the explosion of battle. The Kraken kept trying to shift to

to support the 10 tons of weight would die unless he ate desperately. And the harder he fought, the more energy he used. The equation was simple so that Dead, his body would be consumed by the Kraken. The squid knew this instinctively.

The whale also knew. He threw up his head in another violent effort to shake his tormentor. Then suddenly his massive propulsive unit went into action, the flukes flailing the water, driving him to the surface at tremendous speed. He broke into the air like an exploding depth charge, pushing the squid out into the sun. For a second this gorgonous sperm whale was all walking, then with the mere acceleration he had started out with, he turned in the air trying to smash the Kraken beneath on the wall of ocean.

The Kraken was swoing through the air like a yo-yo on a string, and hit. An oval of white water shot into the air and the shock wave generated by the two giants sent smaller fish streaming in terror from the battle. The tentacle held that could crush a house loosened slightly.

Again the whale harped out of the water, smashing the Kraken down. Again the whale was using the water as though it were a solid wall, liquifying the Kraken inside its own body. His jaw pressed against the diminishing strength of the squid, opened, peying off the strapping. The sperm whale shook himself, liquifying the tentacle completely, then unexpectedly charged in, snapping and chomping. Straight into the mass of tentacles the whale penetrated, his massive teeth driving him, his teeth holding his prey from escape. The Kraken writhed, still trying for a new hold with its remaining arms. But it was fighting as it was dying.

The whale took one last, voracious gulp, crushing the central nervous system, or rather the coated organization that ran the Kraken. The beast was dead and yet it still had movement - which didn't bother the sperm whale at all.

He exhaled a dense cloud of meat air, whistling cubic feet of fresh air into the ocean-sized lungs. Then he ate. Filling his enormous stomach with tentacles, muscle, eyes and body of the huge squid. Yet he, Finster Casper, was disturbed. Never before had he had such an arduous fight with a giant squid. Never before had his jaw been locked.

But then many strange things had happened to Casper on this day. He hadn't gathered a harem for mating. He hadn't engaged in the routine



"I never can eat to go in there when it's an automatic pistol."

Pound, his nose exposed, the squid came slithering out from behind his shield, tentacles extended, reaching, grasping. He hoped to get a hold around the side of the sperm whale's head, thereby blinding him and locking the terrible jaw.

The whale started to meet him and they crashed head on. On the surface, the water boiled almost as if some ancient undersea volcano was now coming to life. The sperm whale's lower jaw dropped open like a ship's gangplank, and cone shaped teeth clamped on a stalk.

The giant squid didn't have the hold he wanted but he did have a ferocious handlock. Those 10 ft arms of steel hand and leather wrapped

where his back could cause fatal damage, but the whale's violent movements prevented him from doing much more than hang on. A few times the Kraken would snap at the massive head of the whale and cut out him and chunks, but it was blood that was torn loose, not flesh and blood.

Somehow the Kraken knew he wasn't causing damage. With an oily intransigent calm he settled in to ramous the strangler's grip. It would bring him victory. It always had.

Locked, the whale's jaws could have been held shut for days by the Kraken. Unfortunately the whale who needed food by the barrel load

raging battles with other bulls that disrupted the ocean like a continuous barrage of falling bombs. Even underwater where he could hear the calling of his kind — the Lord's singing that had always attracted him before — he was not bored. Instead he roamed where he willed, dogged by a strange restlessness and a fatigue that he had never experienced before and didn't understand.

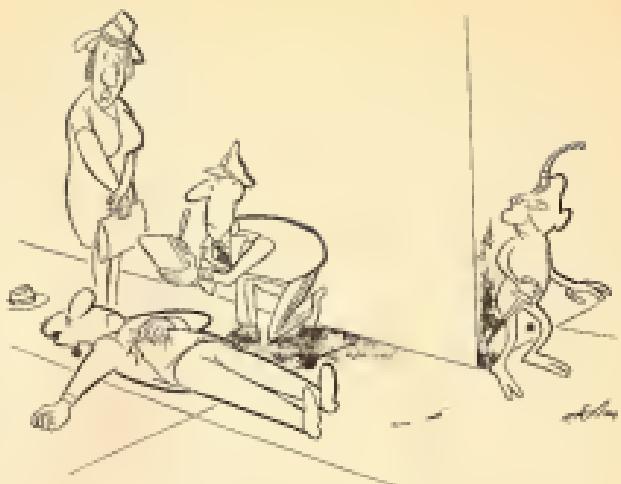
Finally, he yielded to the demanding urge, and began the journey south, powerful flukes propelling him through glass-smooth seas.

He was of the prime species as Moby Dick, the above "great white whale." But where Moby was white, Calodon's skin was a horribly scarred and pitted chocolate brown.

In size he was officially listed as "gigantic," the largest toothed mammal in the sea, the world, as long as an eight-story building is high. His weight was on the order of a ton per foot measured by 14-inches. His head was huge, rather flat on the front, larger than a tractor-trailer, and in total, combined with his nose, made his head was a cone, a cavity that held some 500 gallons of oil. Lighter than water, it was thought to help support the stupendous weight of his head in the water.

Once he had been hunted nearly to extinction for his oil, oil to precious and fine it was used to lubricate whalers. Now his species was making a comeback. Yet Calodon, in his own time, had better memories of men.

Once, off the Azores he was chasing a school of fish, feeding on them by the harpoon load, herding them together so he could make a run through the near-solid mass of silver baitfish.



"He didn't have an enemy in the world."

precious and fine it was used to lubricate whalers. Now his species was making a comeback. Yet Calodon, in his own time, had better memories of men.

Once, off the Azores he was chasing a school of fish, feeding on them by the harpoon load, herding them together so he could make a run through the near-solid mass of silver baitfish.

He first instinct was to flee, and when he couldn't outrun the boat, his second instinct was to dive away from it. On the surface the men hoisted on the line, fighting the whale to force him to use up his oxygen supply. Calodon played their game, bulldogging them, twisting and turning 300 feet below, not accomplishing anything at all except to exhaust himself. It was down there struggling against the line that he started to use his brain.

It was reasoning on the order of one plus one equals two. The line came from the boat, the boat came from the line. He realized for the surface. The men, believing he was going to breach and spout, pulled in the line furiously, preparing to smash it and be taken on another "Narwhal slay ride." But Calodon came roaring up and hit the boat with his



"I think now it is too important to be left just to married people."

(Continued on page 70)



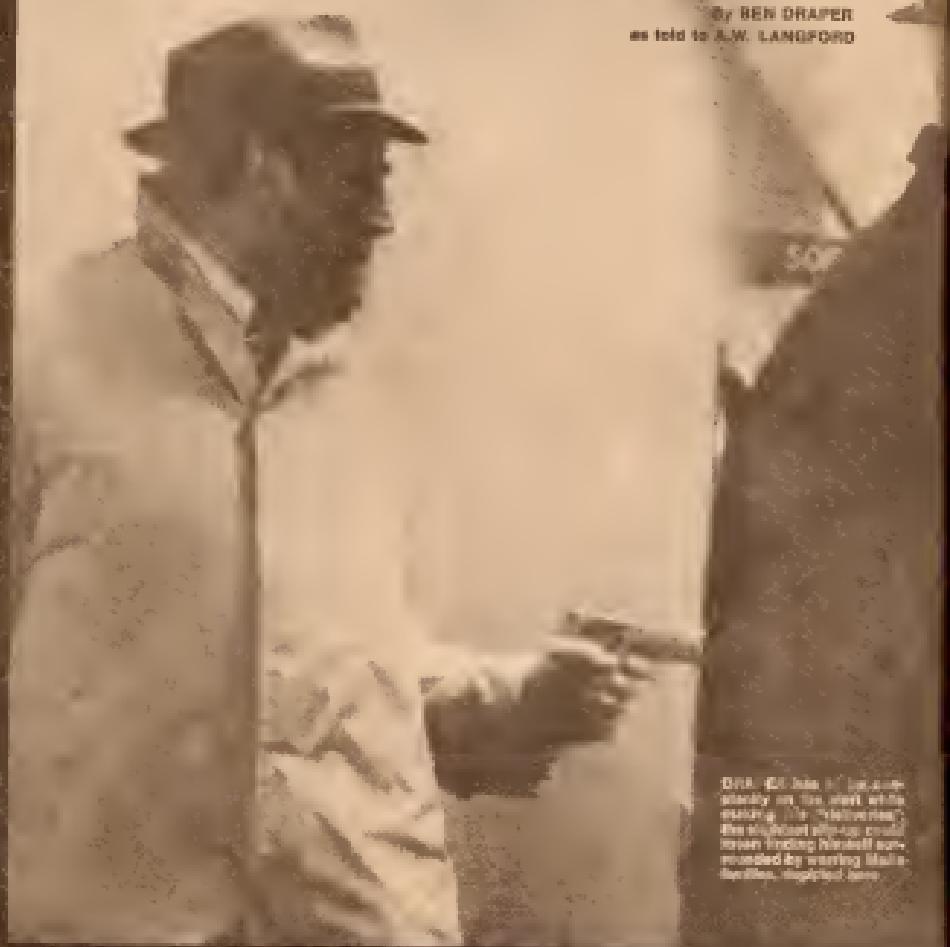
Cherry



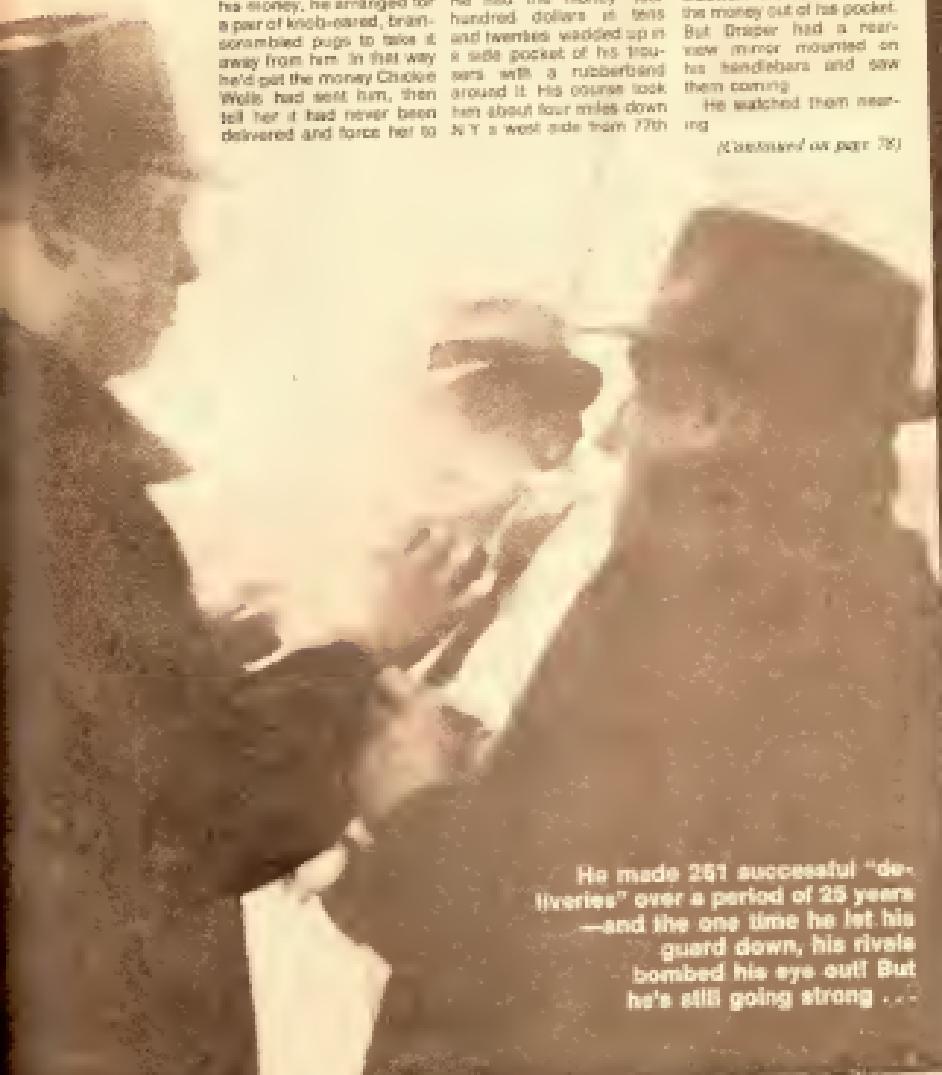
Honest Cops, Crooked Cops And Underworld  
Hijackers Make Him A Clay Pigeon

# “I AM THE MOB’S BAGMAN”

By BEN DRAPER  
as told to A.W. LANGFORD



DRAPEL: Jim H. Drapelet, a  
plaintiff in the case while  
suing the "Claymen,"  
the hijacked money could  
soon finding itself con-  
nected by writing. Mail-  
order companies reported some



**W**HEN Ben Draper was 17, a prostitute named Chickie Wells gave him fifty dollars to deliver her girl's receipts to her Protector, a small-time pimp named Sonny Paris. When Paris learned a high school boy was going to be delivering his money, he arranged for a pair of knob-earred, brain-scrambled pugs to take it away from him. In that way he'd get the money Chickie Wells had sent him, then tell her it had never been delivered and force her to

split it up again.

Draper left Chickie Wells' place on a bicycle. He wore a shabby leather jacket and had a few packages in a wire basket on the handlebars the idea being to make himself look like a run-of-the-mill delivery boy. He had the money four hundred dollars in tens and twenties wadded up in a side pocket of his trousers with a rubberband around it. His course took him about four miles down N.Y.'s west side from 77th

St. to Greenwich Village.

The attempt to take the money was made from a grey coupe some four or five blocks from Draper's destination. The hoods intended herding him up against the curb bumping him off the bike onto the sidewalk there, and taking the money out of his pocket. But Draper had a rear-view mirror mounted on his handlebars and saw them coming.

He watched them near-ing

(Continued on page 78)

He made 261 successful "deliveries" over a period of 25 years—and the one time he let his guard down, his rivals bombed his eye out! But he's still going strong . . .

# THE RED CARD

Moscow in the spring. There was no other city quite like it. So long as one had power . . . FICTION/JAMES McQUEEN

KHERENOV WENT HOME the long way round. Once out of West Berlin — a short but nervous railway journey — the machine took over and moved him effortlessly from one flight to the next, Prague, then Budapest, then across the border into the Ukraine.

When the plane landed at Kirovsk quietly until the other passengers had gathered their belongings and disembarked. At last he stood up, a slim fair man of 30 or so, smoothed the wrinkles from his well-cut lightweight suit, and walked to the exit, carrying the soft leather briefcase with its cargo of Scotch whisky and cigars.

Here in the south the spring was well advanced and the air was mild, even warm. He felt giddiness start at his temples, activating a small wave of Faberge heat that rose pleasantly in his nostrils. He walked slowly towards the terminal building, in front of him he could see a small crowd gathered, bunched and nervous, at the inspection barrier. He pushed his way through the crush of bodies until he could see the screen for the delay.

Two cold-faced inspectors blocked the way; before them stood a heavy middle-aged man in the uniform of an army general. His face was red, sweating, and he was talking loudly, barking. One of the inspectors made a quick chopping motion, and the bluster stopped. The inspector pointed at the capacious pockets of the general's jacket, reluctantly the general drew out the contents — several Lipsticks, American cigarettes, nylon stockings. Someone in the crowd tittered, and quickly coughed to cover the lapse. The general began to speak again, more quietly now, with a note of wheedling in his voice.

Kherenov snorted a little to himself, and pushed forward to the gate. One of the inspectors stepped in front of him, palms raised to stop him, the other hand resting on the hilt of the pistol at his belt.

Still smiling, Kherenov slipped his red card from his pocket and flashed it briefly. The inspector stepped back quickly and saluted. As he passed through the gate Kherenov noted with amusement the sudden look of fear and apprehension on the general's face.

He had an hour to wait for the Moscow plane and he spent it quietly, drinking coffee, and letting his thoughts drift easily in the relaxed aftermath of action. It was good to be going home, good to smell the old familiar smells, good to be back in the known environment, in his special place again, in his own world. It could have ended very differently, of course, had things not gone so well in West Berlin; but better not think of that. There had been no hitches, the operation had gone with precision — planning, execution, withdrawal — flawless, smooth.

And now he would be rewarded, he had no doubt.

The smile returned, and he reached into the briefcase for one of the cigars.

He sat, calm and contented, in the shade of the trees and fragrant smoke.

Moscow in the spring. There was no other city quite like it — not for him, at least. He walked slowly through the crowded streets, avoiding it all, the pretty girls, purposeful coffee bars, the rush and clatter of the traffic. For a moment he stopped to watch the government queue moving slowly forward in the warm sunlight outside the tomb of Lenin. He accorded a look or two of suspicion and alarm from the people in the queue, for today he was wearing his uniform. And that was part of it, too, the feeling of belonging, of power, of importance.

He didn't wear the uniform often, of course. But today was a special occasion. Yet even without the uniform it didn't matter. For he



always earned the red card, and that was enough, more than enough — the warmth of his authority, the token of his belonging, the badge of his power. He was only a lieutenant, true, yet there was hardly a general in the land who would not step aside, in respect, and yes, in fear, at the sight of that red card...

He was early, and he took his time, enjoying the sunburst, the sights of the city, the sense of purposeful leisure at his own stride.

Half an hour later he glanced at

his watch, and quickened his pace. Time was passing, and he prided himself on his punctuality. But even so, he stopped for a moment when the building came into view. It never failed to impress him, however often he saw it, to awe him a little, even, with its aura of latent power and menace, a menace which lay inherent in the stony shell of its ugly facade — a rambling confused complex of rooms, passages, chambers, cells, offices — the Lubitska, heart of the KGB. The

wedged apex of its blunt triangle faced him across the broad street. And here, as always, there were fewer pedestrians, and those there were hurried quickly about their business. Did they avert their eyes, or was it just his imagination? Several taxis crossed the area, and he recognised one of the drivers — an expert, watching for people too interested, too curious, tourists taking, perhaps, the prohibited photographs...

Inside, the familiar steel doors





"The script is rough, Khronev. I only hope our set designers can come up with a bedroom that will do it justice."

about him — real Balkan robes, overhatted rooms, stale perfume — and he felt the muscles of his shoulders and neck tense and then relax in acceptance; this was his world, his home, his life. He strode briskly along the bare, shabby corridor, nodding to acquaintances here and there, until he came at last to the well remembered door. Passing, he shook the grey dust from his tattered boots with an unaccustomed handkerchief, then knocked quickly.

"Come!" The guttural syllable rattled the thin paneling of the door. He opened it and stepped inside.

"General Pavlovitch?" Novikov, his bulk bursting from the tightly buttoned tunic of the colonel's uniform, rose from the deep oval chair and moved around the desk to greet him. As the heavy hands grasped his shoulders, Khronev looked down into the small, clever brown eyes, oddly liquid, intelligent eyes in the rugged face; he found it difficult to believe, as he often did, that this was the man who had, in some remarkable way, survived the days of Bora, of Stak, of Malenkov, and still remained a powerful force in the shabby corridors of the Lubianka.

"Sit down, boy!" Novikov pushed him into a chair. Khronev smiled and said nothing, took the offered cigarette.

"So you got him, eh? Baron? We heard. But tell me about it! Where? How?"

Khronev leaned forward to catch the flame of the lighter.

"In the street," he said, "outside

his hotel! The acid smoke swirled up "Ivering — the rush hour."

"And no guards?"

Khronev shrugged. "Twenty metres away I was gone before they noticed anything."

"You gave him the hospital?"

Khronev nodded. "He kept going — five or six paces at least, long enough for me to get away, get clear."

Novikov laughed. "The old ways are best, eh? Not too complicated, no machinery to go wrong, eh?" He sat down behind the desk again.

There was silence for a moment.

"What about the others?" asked Khronev. "Family, friends, that sort of thing?"

"Aargh..." Novikov coughed and thumbed out the cigarette. "Nothing," he said. "I mean... We've picked up most of them. The others won't last long. You know how the networks act..."

Novikov rapped the desk with his second knuckle, suddenly serious.

"Good work," he said. "It was good work. And we know it. We appreciate it. You'll get your ovation. Within a month."

Khronev felt himself flush with pleasure. It was neither the rank itself — few people would even know, for he seldom wore the uniform — and it wasn't the money, for he was paid more than most doctors and university professors, no, it was the knowledge of trust, of approval...

"Thank you, colonel!"

"No thanks necessary. You deserve it. And it's just the beginning." He smiled at Khronev. "We know. We watch. And we recognise the good ones. Now take a couple of weeks off, enjoy yourself. Report Tuesday week!" He bent his head over an open file.

The interview was ended.

As he passed once more through the corridors Khronev could feel that the news had preceded him. The glances he received held admiration, and a hint of envy. The sweetsmell of it hung over him like the aroma of a good cigar.



"You'll be charmed by its subtle bouquet, but I think the heady body will knock you on your seat."

He stepped out into the sunshine again, and felt that he owned the whole great wonderful city spread before him.

Late afternoon sunlight probed the edges of the drapes and spilled a dull glow on to the wide bed, touching the woman's naked skin softly. She lay on one elbow, looking down at Khrusov, who lay supine, eyes closed. She reached out and touched the bare chest with her finger tip, the movement stirring her breasts so that one dark nipple brushed his shoulder.

"Tell me," she said.

"Mmmmm?"

"Tell me."

"About what?" Khrusov shifted a little on the damp sheet.

"You know — about Berlin. What you did there."

He smiled a little. "That I killed a man? Why, Tony! Why should that interest you?" He opened his eyes, looking up into the pale face poised above him. "I shouldn't have told you that much." Even now he didn't quite know why he had told her. Normally he spoke to no one about his work. And now — to a girl he'd met only a few days before. He had seen her in the street, twice, during the first week after his return from Berlin, finally, the third time, intrigued by the combination of boldness and restraint in her gait, he had approached her, taken her for coffee, a drink, and, finally, back to his apartment. There she had exploded against him, an erotic storm of flesh. Why? He wondered. Perhaps one of those sudden, unpredictable chemical reactions between people ... it happened sometimes. But with her there was a hint of something more, a reserve behind the dark eyes, she was not a virgin, yet there was a certain lack of ... experience ... behind the wild eyes, an oddly touching naivete. She continued to intrigue him.

She persisted now, moving closer to him on the bed, touching the heat of her thigh to his loins.

"Tell me! How do you do it?"

"But why?"

She ran her finger down from his chest, tracing the line of down that descended towards his naval. "Because it ... satisfies me ... makes it somehow different, special, when we do this ..." Her head did not move.

He smiled again, watching the fine beads of sweat on her upper lip, conscious of his body responding to her touch.

"We call it the 'butter,'" he said. "But it can be anything — an apple,

a bicycle spoke, a soap knitting needle."

"What did you want?" She tightened her fingers, and he began to breathe a little more quickly.

"A knitting needle." He was in a hurry to tell all, now, to get it out of the way. "Sharpened at one end, a cork over the other for a handle. Inside a paper bag."

"You push it in, and the bag crumples. You pull off the cork, inside the bag, and walk away. That's all." He drew a long, ragged breath.

"How long does it take?"

"A few seconds, half a minute ... yeah!"

listened to music on his record player. He played his records of Tchaik, and she liked them.

"He's singing at the Opera," he said. "Would you like to go?"

She laughed. "They're booked out for next weekend."

"But would you like to go ... Tonight?"

"Of course."

"Very well, we'll go."

"But how?"

"Never mind. Leave it to me."

"Are you serious?"

"Certainly."

She sprang from the bed and began to dress hurriedly. He watched



"I had also often in nine different cities — then someone made my roller skates."

"And where do you put it up?"

"I'll show you." He pushed himself upright, took her shoulders in his hands and pressed her back until she lay beneath him, her black hair fanned on the crumpled pillow. "Here." He touched a spot just below her left breast, sinking down on her. His hand moved down the smooth column of her body to the swell of the hip. "And here ... and here ... and here ..."

Then it was her turn. "Aaaaaah ..." \*

Later they sipped coffee and

her for a little before he spoke.

"Where are you going?"

"Home to change."

"There's so hurry. You must wait for me, anyway."

"Wait for you? Why?"

"You can't leave the building. They won't let you."

She froze, breasts momentarily slack against the cups of the unbuttoned blouse. "Who won?"

"Haven't you seen the guards at the door of the block? Nearly all the tenants are department people. The guards know you're with me, they

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# GLAD RAG DOLLY





# THE OWEN GUN STORY

At the outbreak of World War II there were two sub-machineguns in Australia. At the cessation of hostilities 45,000 Owen guns had helped turn possible defeat into positive victory.

ARTICLE/Michael Young

THE MEN of the Australian patrol lay silent in the New Guinea jungle, in the shade of the low scrub, looking out across the wide grass clearing. Out there, waist-deep in the tall kenu grass, the Japanese platoon they were waiting for was approaching their ambush.

The Japanese infantrymen came forward in open order, rifles held high, clear of the grass. The Australian sergeant jolted out their effect by the pistol holster on his belt. He and his men watched over their sights, letting the Japs walk closer, closer.

They could sense the Japanese eyes scanning the scrub where they lay. Then, all at once, a Jap soldier gave a shrill cry and stopped, panting. And at that moment, in accordance with the sergeant's orders, the Australians opened fire.

The first burst from the four light machine gun set the Japanese officer

Private Evelyn Ernest Owen, 2/17th Infantry Battalion, of Wollongong, New South Wales, designer of the Owen sub-machinegun, holds the first experimental model, developed in June, 1939. The weapon was 22 inches long, and except for a few machine parts, could be manufactured without special equipment, using the parts of an old 22 caliber rifle. The gun一起 with the original of all subsequent models manufactured by Harry John Langford of Fort Kremke, is on display in the Australian War Memorial.

down, and the ranks behind him were thinned by a rugged volley from the Australian 303s. But the Japs knew their arduous drill - attack, straight in! They bounded forward nervously through the kenu, firing from the hip.

The Australian sergeant thrust his charge lever forward and squared the trigger. A stream of lead slugs sprayed the Japanese from the muzzle of the jolliest weapon. Men after men fell headlong in the kenu grass, chopped down by the fire.

The Japanese charge faltered and died, those in the grass. The Bora was clumsy to aim at close quarters. The 303 rifles could only get away a shot at a time. But the submachinegun in the hand of the sergeant and two other Diggers were meant of to handle and they poured out bullets in bursts like water from a hose.

Some of the Japanese took cover

in the long grass - from view, but not from fire. When they shot back, the Australian fire found them. The submachinegun had down every man who kept coming for the trees.

"Cease fire!" the sergeant bawled, and the hammering reports stopped and silence fell across the jungle again.

The dozen Australians counted and searched the 25 dead Japanese out in the grass. They made stretchers for two of their own number who'd been wounded. Four ran to a stretcher, a siren leading, the sergeant covering their rear, they fell back to their safe harbor position.

In his head the sergeant balanced the losses on each side. Two for 25. It had been a successful ambush. The deadly close-quarters fire of the submachinegun had made it just about perfect.

The submachinegun was Australian-made, like the Bora and the 303 rifles. But unlike the other weapons, they were Australian-designed too. They were Owen machine carbines, first used in the vicious fighting for the Japanese beach-heads at Buna, Sanananda and Gona.

The Owen submachinegun design first came to the Australian Army's attention before the war. In



New Guinea: Dagua Ridge, 22 March, 1944 - Trooper Pearson firing an Owen Gun.

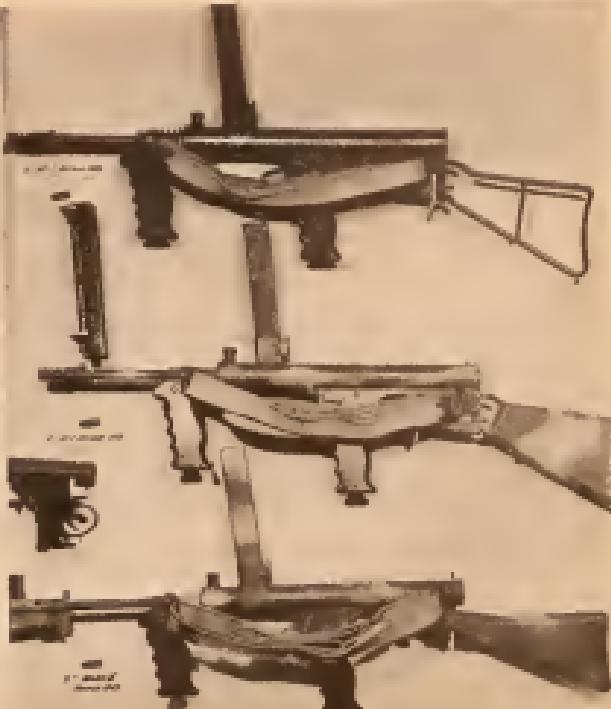
Right: Australian War Memorial, Canberra, ACT, 27 March, 1972. A display presented to the Memorial by Lyndhurst Fly Ltd, Port Kembla, showing the various models of the Owen Gun produced during World War II.

INVENTOR, Mr Evelyn Owen, a 24-year-old motor mechanician from Wollongong, showed a model of it to a workshop ordnance officer at Sydney's Victoria Barracks.

The ordnance staff made some notes about features of the 21 calibre model, but Owen was told that the Army wasn't very interested in it. Owen took the model home again and worked on the design a bit more in his spare time.

On the outbreak of the war, Owen enlisted in the Second AIF. He'd almost despaired of attaining selection with his weapon, after a fruitless correspondence with the Army. In September, 1940, he was on final home leave before his battalion sailed for the war in the Middle East. He decided to make one last bid, and put his revised working model in a sacking bag outside the flat of Mr V. A. Wardell, the manager of Lyndhurst shipyards at Port Kembla.

Wardell examined the gun, and realised that its simple design meant



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# NIGHT OF THE ONION

Jorgenson saw the big Valiant's headlights, coming round hard behind his dune buggy. He still had to keep on with the crazy duel . . .

FICTION/Philip Gould

JORGENSEN GOT to the beach late on the Friday afternoon. He turned a little way off the track, and parked the VW buggy in a hollow behind some bushes, out of the wind. He made camp on the other side of the bushes, looking down on the sea. He pitched the tent where the morning sun would wake him.

By then it was too late for any fishing. He made a meal out of the supplies he'd brought with him. He

went for a walk along the beach in the moonlight, round to the rocks. It looked okay out there.

He thought that was enough for one night. He knew he had to take it very easy. That was what the doctor had told him. He had to watch things for another month yet. He went back and turned in early, rolling himself in the nylon bag on the warm sand.

Before he went to sleep he thought, it was a pity he was alone out there. It was a pity Max or one of the other guys couldn't make it. It would have been better if he'd had Comes to come. That was just the way it was, though . . .

Hours later Jorgenson woke suddenly. He raised himself on his

elbows in the bag, listening. That was a car's exhaust. A big car was coming up the road across the marsh.

He heard the engine-roar change on the far side of the hill. It was over the bridge and on the way up to the crest. He drew aside the flap of nylon at the end of the tent, and saw a flicker of light in the sky over the hill as the headlight beams glinted up.

Jorgenson looked at the watch. It was nearly midnight. The full moon was overhead, shivering from behind a cloud. He thought it was a little late for anybody to be making a camp. They had to be stopping, because there was no way right through on that road. Maybe they were lost, though.

Anyway, it was none of his



Jorgenson. It was pretty unlikely that they'd run into the buyer or driver over his tent. He lay down and closed his eyes again. He couldn't help keeping an listening to the engine.

Now it was on top of the hill. The driver changed gear. It was coming down the slope toward him. It was heading past along the track through the dunes, out toward the point. The engine's sound died.

Then he turned and lifted his head quickly. He heard the voices.

It sounded like a cry for help. It was a good way off, and he couldn't be sure. But it sounded like the word, and then another cry of pain or fear. The voice was high-pitched. It sounded like a girl.

Jorgenson was wide awake now. His head brushed the nylon tent. There were other voices, male voices, then another scream. It faded off quickly.

Jorgenson had to force himself to think clearly. The cry could mean a dozen different things. Maybe they were just fooling around, the girl was just playing up. He'd look a foot if he rushed up to the rescue and they all turned on him.

There was another thing. He wasn't in too good shape himself yet. His ribs were still hurting. His

shoulders were still a little weak from inactivity. And apart from that, he was only medium height, lightly built. And there'd be a five of them up there.

And he remembered the things he'd read in the papers, stories from America about the people who heard some girl being attacked and closed their hands to it, and did nothing. That was one way out. It was all up to him.

While he was thinking, he'd crawled out of the tent. Somehow or other he'd made up his mind the other way. He started walking up through the dunes.

The full moon was in a clear sky now. The night air was cool on his face. The sand in the troughs between the dunes made a light crunching sound at each step. He heard loud talk and laughter up ahead.

"Hey, come on."

"Hey, yeah, come on, be a good girl."

"Come on, we won't hurt you."

Jorgenson heard a kind of angry sobbing voice.

"Come on, take it off," one guy said.

"Come on, you hold her and I'll do it."

"No, I want to do it."

They were just ahead, around the next dune. Jorgenson could see the moonlight gleaming on the roof of their car. They didn't know he was there.

He went up the side of that dune on hands and knees. He crawled in the trough of dry grass on top and looked down the far side. There they were, four of them together, bending over a figure on the ground.

The girl was already half stripped. Jorgenson could see the white gleam of her legs in the moonlight. One of the youths was holding her shoulders down, and two others were holding her legs. The fourth youth was between them, bending over her. She was twisting, moving in their grasp.

Four against one. This was what they didn't explain to you about all these other cases. He wouldn't do her much good if he ran straight down there and waded into them. He wouldn't do himself much good, either. There had to be something.

One of the guys grunted and rolled back. It looked like the girl had landed a kick. She thrashed free for a moment, with only one guy holding on to her arm. Her shoulders and breasts were bare, and what was



left of her clothing was in a tangle around her waist.

She made it to her feet and wayed a few steps along the beach. Jorgensen turned, ready to step in. But then one of the guys recovered and lunged forward, and tackled her around the waist and bore her to the ground.

The others shouted and closed in

group a hundred yards away, then opened the driver's door, found the brake, let it go.

They'd left the Valiant at the side of the track, where it ran down another steep hill toward the end of the headland. There was a rough down-hill run into the dark just behind it. He pushed, yanked the wheel, pushed again harder. He heard

of the dust again, stumbling in the loose sand in the dark. He could hear them just over the top from him.

"Hey, what about her?" one guy called.

"No, leave her. Never mind that."

"Yeah, get the car, come on." That was the first guy to run. He probably owned it.

Jorgensen scrambled through the coarse grass over the crest of the dust. Three of them were running down the far side, and the first one was nearly at the rolling car. The fourth youth was still holding the girl passed.

Jorgensen worked round behind him. He was looking down toward the others with the Valiant, and he didn't turn until it was too late. Jorgensen swung a fist sideways at his head, before he could duck.

The youth fell sideways and Jorgensen dove on him, punching at his face. He was bigger, but Jorgensen was on top. He had no chance to dodge or fight back.

It was no time for close fighting. In the space of a few seconds, Jorgensen used fists, knees and boots to do as much harm as he could. Then he turned to the girl.

She was shrinking back with her hands covering her mouth. Her face white in the moonlight and her eyes were wide. Her hair looked black where it trailed over her shoulder and breasts.

"Come on," said Jorgensen. "Come on, quick."

He could hear the others three youths running somewhere down the hill. Apparently they'd stopped the Valiant all right.

"I did bloody put it on," one of them shouted loudly.

"How come it rolled then?"

"I don't know. Because I bloody had it on. I remember don't I?"

Their voices were loud in the still night air. Jorgensen heard a car door slam.

"Did you reckon somebody else did it?" one of them said.

The girl was still dazed. There was no time to worry about that now. Jorgensen grabbed her arm and pecked her to his feet, and dragged her up the side of the dust.

"Frank!" one of them called. "Hey Frank!"

He thought he heard the guy in the bushes calling something back. By that time they were staring up the side of the second dune. The girl was staggering, heavy on his arm.

"I can't," she said. "I can't can't."

She was crying. Then on the far side of that dune she tripped and fell, dragging him to his knees with her



"Got to get in there — I'm thinking of making a comeback."

The girl was passed to the ground, naked and writhing. They were on his right now. On his left was their car. Jorgensen glanced at the car.

Then he looked again, at the way it was parked, the lie of the slope there. Then he was on his feet, running round behind the crest of the dune toward it. If he could get them away from the girl somehow.

It was a five-year-old Valiant, turned up with chrome and GT stripes. All the windows were wound down. He looked at the struggling

the girl's voice was in a choking scream.

"Not Oh, no, no . . ."

The Valiant was moving. The heavy car was lurching back on the uneven track, the open door swinging, crashing. Jorgensen jumped aside, back toward the shadow of the dune.

He heard one of them shout "Hey, look at the car! Look out!"

"Hey, look, it's rolling!"

"Don't just stand there, you dumb prick!"

He was coming around the back

"Oh, no, no," she sobbed.

He pulled her against him to quiet her. He could hear the youths shouting. By now they must have worked out what had happened. They'd be coming after them in a minute.

The girl had her face buried in her hands. She hardly appeared to notice Jorgensen there. She was a big girl, nearly as tall as he was, and probably heavier. He'd have a hard job if he had to carry her.

Four against one. If he had a gun. But he didn't, and he'd never learned how to use one, anyway. He had no kind of weapon at all. Even his knives were back with the fishing gear. All he could do now was run.

He stood up and looked back, watching for movement across the way black-and-gray landscape of the dunes under moonlight. There was one guy, over toward the road. There was another fifty yards on his left. They'd spread out and they were moving down on a search.

He saw his tracks on the windswept sand, a scribble of black marks of shadow. If they found those...

Jorgensen yanked the girl to her feet. She was still sobbing, clutching the torn remains of her dress around her. He pulled her hands away from her face and slapped her twice to break the hysteria.



"I can't help making a noise. It's a boiled belly sandwich."

"Look, come on now. We've got to get away. GET GO!"

He was speaking in a loud whisper, glancing back over the sand. He saw the girl's eyes clear and she nodded. She was making an effort to control herself now.

"OK. Along here then..."

It was too late to go over the top of the sand dune now. They'd show out on the pale sand. Jorgensen led the girl along the hollow instead.

toward the rushing murmur of the surf. Maybe they could get out to one side of them.

Jorgensen's heart was pounding. The girl was still like a dead weight on his arm, and the loose sand seemed to stick at his feet. He heard one of the youths call out something behind him, along the dunes.

"Over here," another guy called. He sounded only a few yards away.

There was a darker patch on the sand ahead, where the coarse grass was sprouting through. Jorgensen dragged the girl forward and pulled her down. There was some kind of a shallow channel there, probably the run-off of rainwater. They huddled side by side, close together, the girl's head down, Jorgensen's half raised on the alert.

"I don't know," the guy shouted. "There was shouting there."

The guy at the far end of the dune shouted something Jorgensen didn't catch.

"No, no, there's nothing here."

Jorgensen wondered how much the youth up there would see of them if he looked. It was no good thinking about that, though.

The girl's eyes were wide and bleak a few inches from his own. He was afraid she was going to speak. He had his arms across her back to hold her still and he heard her to question her. Her mouth was warm and moist. After a second she responded. He held the kiss and saw her eyes droop shut.

He could feel the warm softness of her arm and shoulder next to him. He had his leg half across hers to shelter her. The touch of her was

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"How attached were you to Daddy?"

# He Snatched A Nazi General For Ransom

Wayne Pitarski earned a  
strange rep, the deadliest  
rottenest egg in World  
War II—and both the  
U.S. and German armies  
agreed on that ...



# MEANEST G.I. IN THE U.S. ARMY



Marvin Krast (right) and (disputed above) were captured in combat but only Pitsman's "pal" was offered chance to buy his freedom . . .



By LEE BREWSTER

front-line court martial stacked against the accused. Judges, prosecutors, the officers and EMs on the jury and defense attorneys are all but certain to be battle-weary, hungry for decent food and a hot shower, bone-sore from sleeping on the ground, horny, homesick and scared that in the next artillery barrage a shell may have their name on it.

All of this makes them supermean. They are likely to be in a frame of mind that will compel them to sentence a man to death by firing squad for smoking near a gasoline dump.

In the case of Pvt. Wayne Pitsman, they had something they could really get their teeth into.

Number one charge was the near fatal beating of two sergeants, one of whom had suffered such severe brain damage that he was given a medical discharge and a 100% disability pension. Charge number two was impersonating one of the very sergeants he had



stomped. Number three was going AWOL. Number four was stealing government equipment, first a jeep and then a five-ton truck. Charge number five was emptying the sergeant's pockets as they lay unconscious and bleeding. There were, in addition, seven more charges against Pet Pinarski, 12 in all, and the major who was sitting at the prosecutor was set to read them, but after number five the pending colonel stopped him and said they would be enough, if they needed the others they could always go back to them.

About the only person in that dilapidated room (in the only building left standing in what had once been the village of Louviers, France) who was not impressed by the number and severity of the charges was the prosecutor himself. When the colonel asked if he had anything to say before the trial began Pinarski got up from the shaky bench and said, "Jesus, Colonel, I thought I had killed those two bastards. That's how come I ran away."

Wayne Pinarski had made trouble for the army from the very first day he was drafted. During the train ride from Chicago to Fort Dix, NJ, and while still in civilian clothes, one of the players in a poker game accused him of cheating, he had suggested the game and provided the cards Pinarski exploded at the accusation. Call him a thief? No one in that world could call him a thief and get away with it. However, when the MP lieutenant came over and asked to see the cards, Pinarski threw them out the window of the speeding train saying that he didn't want to play cards with a bunch that would call an innocent man a thief. By that time he was over 1400 miles. And that night, while the man who had accused him of cheating lay sleeping, Pinarski stepped on his hand, which had dropped to the floor of the car, and broke one of his fingers.

In Fort Dix, Wayne Pinarski found it difficult to awaken at reveille and the company sergeant had to rudge him in the ribs with a foot. The first time that happened, Pinarski slowly opened one eye, looked straight up at the Texas-born sergeant and said, "Sergeant, you do that one more time and I'll kick them horseheads of yours clear up to your toenails."

Of course, the following morning Pinarski overslept again and, again, the sergeant nudged his ribs with the toe of his boot. Pinarski jumped up, grabbed the sergeant's foot and twisted it so that it fractured. The colonel looked him in the guard house

— Pinarski had been in the army three days — and issued him a restriction to camp for the rest of his basic training, and the job of cleaning out the grease traps in the mess kitchen every Saturday, and spraying the cockroaches behind the kitchen wall panels every Sunday.

When Pinarski tried to drown the senior mess sergeant in a soup kettle, the camp's adjutant department sent him to see a psychiatrist. But before the doctor could ask one question,

one thing, he was a born marksman. Not as good as the country boys who had been shooting the eyes out of squirrels ever since they could left. 22, but he had a feel for weapons. You could tell the way he worked on the firing ranges. He fired slowly and with a purpose. When the first shot went wild he corrected whatever he was doing wrong and gradually worked his way to the centre of the targets. And once he found the bull's-eye he didn't let go. Also without much instruction he learned to be able to stop and put together any gun that was handed to him. His weapons were, by far, the best-maintained in the company.

And out in the field Pinarski could do anything anyone else could do, only better. Twenty-mile hikes were nothing to him. He could double-time, with full field pack, for hours and when some sergeant trying to get back at him for his other behavior ordered him to do 100 push-ups, with full pack, Pinarski could drop to the ground and complete it in a few minutes hardly breathing hard when he got up. In the field he could move as quickly as an ant even though he had never been in a woods before in his life.

Wayne Pinarski had no friends, as far as anyone knew. He seldom talked to anyone. When asked a question, he grunted back an answer if he felt like it. The only time anyone saw him laugh was when a man in his company shot the gunnery instructor in a pistol-drill accident. Pinarski received only three letters all the time he spent in basic training, and he tore all three of them up without even opening the envelope. When someone asked him why he did that he answered that they were just from his mother and all she wanted was for him to send her money. So when he ripped the third letter up several of the men in the barracks gathered it and put the pieces together. It was written in pencil, the writing scribbly and barely legible. It said, "Dear son, Why'd you send me money since you got in the army? All the other soldiers send." It was signed, "Your mother."

One more thing about Wayne Pinarski. It was guessed that he was a thief. Not money, at least as far as anyone knew. He drank bottles of whisky in his bed after lights out. It was said that he stole them from the bachelor officers' quarters. He stole his shaving cream, soap, razor blades and cigarettes from the canteen after he finished cleaning the latrines. Men in the barracks accused him of

## WITH A NUDEST HERE, AND A NUDEST THERE, DID MACDONALD HAD A FARM . . .

An Honolulu, Hawaii, judge recently ruled that members of the Hawaii nudist Club could continue to occupy property they leased only if they used it for farming.

So the 100 nudist plan to do exactly that.

The ruling came about after trustees of the camp that owns the property won a court injunction prohibiting non-agricultural use of the 240-acre farm, which is undeveloped and on the beachfront. The nudist club had been using the land for more than two years without any permission — that the land may could longer give the members unrestricted publicity, arousing antinudist sentiment.

George Miller, who leases the property for the club, said, "It's really nice — the wife and father and children, and the animals out here. It's the absolute thing to have there is, and it's getting harder with all the technology."

The club's president, Lucy Cook, said that the nudists plan to have an agricultural experiment and will grow lettuce, tomatoes, carrots and watermelons on 40 acres of the land, with profits from sale of the produce to be donated to a nearby hospital.

Pet Pinarski pointed a finger at him and said, "Listen, you effing fag, you try to touch my peter and I'll break every goddamn bone in your effing body!"

The interview ended there. "Man is obviously a vulgarizer," the psychiatrist noted on his records. "His aim is to receive a psychiatric discharge from the army. I would recommend routine punishment."

So in addition to the weekend mess hall assignments, Pinarski was required to clean the latrines in the canteen every evening after it closed.

But despite Pinarski's meanness and inability to get along with people, he was a good soldier. For

(Continued on page 24)





# THE GOLGOtha OF SADDLEBAGS

WHEN GALLIPOLI SMITH, the half-caste postmaster, first saw the suspension bridge on the Hawkins he gave a short laugh.

"Whoever sang it that way," he said, "shame it to last."

But being a man of peace and postmastering he had eyes only for the four passengers that took the bridge's weight. They were 14 inches square in the section and were cut from Australian hardwood. They had already smoothed their sides with axes and a yellow lantern and beds had capped their tops with their snowy droppings. Tied to any one of them a battleship could have ridden out a mile, but the rest of the bridge was only a hammock of planks and No. 8 wire.

The bridge was thought to have led onto a merchant's office on the far side of the river but when Gallipoli Smith came there was no office and no merchant, and the bridge led only to the bank opposite. Only 17 decent workmen houses remained, and because houses were everywhere short 15 of them had been already taken.

Gallipoli came in the summer, driving up the twin granite tracks in a battered VS, and he brought with him two rifles, a pig dog and a wife. By the end of the summer he had added a horse called Saddlebags to his belongings, but his wife had left and the dog had got lost chasing a pig.

Everyone at Hawkins Bend knew that when Gallipoli was with the Moors he laughed easily and that when he was with the whites he hardly laughed at all, but what they did not know was that when he was with his wife with a buttermilk in his crust out. And it was a buttermilk his wife could not stand forever.

The note she left him set things out clearly.

I can put up with weatherboards without paint and wool without

At the Bend anybody's trouble is everybody's trouble. And Saddlebags was in trouble . . . ?

FRITH/B. A. Wilson

*newspaper I can put up with a city of 22 inhabitants and the no electricity and the no streets. I can put up with men who only work when they feel like it and a sheep that won't shear and will speak and scream and roar like a change. I can put up with windows without any glass to look out of, but I can't put up any longer with you and your buttermilk.*

Gallipoli screwed up the note and when he threw it away he did not care where it fell. But the note eventually blew down a man-made track near the bridge where it was picked up by Mrs Hobaga. Mrs Hobaga read it and showed it to Bill Mandin's wife who showed it within the hour to Mrs Bruce. Mrs Bruce read the letter aloud to her husband and took it over to Mrs Farndoth who was not long out from London. And soon everyone at The Bend knew that Gallipoli Smith had been a better man in his own home and that was why his wife had left him. But what he was better about no one knew at all.

Gallipoli still laughed with the Moors and was still reserved with the whites. Sometimes he joked about the wife who had left him but he joked in a round-about way that included mention of his horse.

"You can rely on a horse," he would say, or, "Where I go, Saddlebags goes," and the men knew what he meant. Indeed the rapport between the man and the brown brumby he had broken in was a wonderful thing to see, for the man and the horse were never seen apart.

At one time Gallipoli was boasting of this thing about his horse when Chubfoot Rogen said,

"I bet you a quid he won't follow

you over the bridge, Gallipoli," and Gallipoli, who was the same amount drunk as Chubfoot, did quickly:

"You're on, Chubfoot. I bet you he will. He'd walk through Hell if I whistled him."

The planks of the suspension bridge were lengthwise and were kept from spreading by thick wooden cleats. Gallipoli ran his hands along the two side strands of No. 8 wire. Then he knelt and looked at the plaited strands of No. 8 wire under the cleats and made some quick calculations. He walked to the other side of the bridge, which was the town side, and whistled his horse.

Saddlebags was no fool and he hesitated, for he scented something was amiss. Gallipoli whistled again. Saddlebags tested the decking with his forelegs and where his forelegs felt soft he laid legs followed. The wires of the sides touched his ribs and the plaited wires under the cleats were very tight. He was in the middle of the bridge when his hind legs went through the planking.

When the horse felt his hind legs going he struck at the bridge deck with his front feet and they too went through. Pieces of planking broke off and spun down onto the river. And there Saddlebags reared, with the lower part of his chest on the rattled timber and with his four legs poking through them. He held his head high without whinnying and his ears were pointed forward at Gallipoli Smith.

"I give you 10 bob," said Chubfoot Reginly. "He only got halfway."

Then Chubfoot saw the sweat on Gallipoli's face and he shot up. He looked along the bridge at the horse wedged in the broken planks and again at the sweat on Gallipoli's face. And he saw what Gallipoli saw.

"He followed you all right," said Chubfoot weakly. "I owe you the whole quid."

At The Bend anybody's trouble is everybody's trouble unless a person

keeps his trouble to himself, and this was a trouble that could not be hid. Even the women and children turned out and they stood with the men downstream of the bridge where the bank was low, and their eyes were all turned up at the horse. From time to time they switched their gaze to Gallopoli Snr who leaned against one mass-covered strainer and looked only at the horse.

Chibfoot Ragan hobbled down from the bridge and joined the crowd.

"Ah—" he began, and the sound was like a sadness in his throat. "He only got halfway but I said I'd pay him the full quid." His eyes shrank off under their brows, and he looked as if he himself wished to shrink off but could not because he was a part of the thing. From time to time his good leg might waggle motions free for bad leg around caught in a trap. He looked up at the horse and went round to the back of the group to put something between himself and what he saw.

Then everybody saw Gallopoli walk his way out to the horse and after a while go back. He hopped once



"You shut up, Chico!"

more against the thick stone post and stared along the bridge where he had been. From below the protuberance of his face swelled carved from pale stone, and a sigh went up from the group.

"Gallopoli shouldn't of done that," said one man. "That wye could of broke."

The sigh and the man's words loosened the tightness in the group. There was a soft stirring as the men got ready to talk, but no one could find anything fitting to say. After a time the state man said:

"That horse is all of 30 feet up."

The women went away to prepare dinners for the men and later called to them to come. But Gallopoli, who had no one now to call him, stayed where he was.

Bell Meadow's wife climbed up to the bridge with Gallopoli's coat and a mug of hot tea, and she glided once quickly at the horse before she hurried away. Gallopoli drink the tea throatily but his eyes over the rim of the mug never once left the horse, and in his eyes were a bitterness and a questioning.

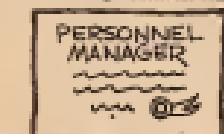
In the early evening the people of the land drifted back to where they had stood earlier. This time they wore coats or overalls, for the night promised to be cold. They watched Saddlebags turn bronze in the last of the sunlight and for some minutes it seemed as if what was up there was only the little statue of a horse. And then they saw his color deepen as the light dimmed from the sky until he looked black and regards against the early stars. Some said the Southern Cross hung above his head in a remarkable way as though he had been given a five-pointed crown.

That night before she went to bed Mrs Chibfoot Ragan said to her husband:

"There must be some way of getting him down."

"You name it," said Chibfoot briefly. "He's 30 feet up."

"Well, you shouldn't of bet him in the first place," said his wife, which was something Chibfoot already knew.



"Miss Pringle: I think you'll be perfect for the positions I have in mind for you."

"Ah — shut up, will you," he said, looking away, and the three burst out laughing.

"Instead of talking like that to the men about going up there and getting that horse down for a change."

"You got sky hooks?" Clubfoot demanded. "Then shut up if you want outside and passed back and forth outside the kitchen door in the darkness, his heavy boot bumping monotonously on the dirt path.

In the night there was a frost, and when everybody assembled in the morning they saw that Gaffipoh had been covered with ticks. Also there was a pile of grass in front of him and an empty aluminum bowl which could have held water. Gaffipoh Smith was still up there by the strainer post and his hair was damp and messy.

At noon in the morning one of the men climbed up to Gaffipoh and said:

"You go off and get some sleep. I'll keep an eye on him for you."

The sweat had gone from Gaffipoh's face but he staggered when he walked off. As he passed the group he stopped and looked back, and the sweat broke out again on his face, for from where he now stood the sting looked worse. His half-sun face was as yellow as a Chrysanthemum, as though the sweating had drawn his hard tan from the skin. Then he turned and walked slowly towards the houses.

"A good block," someone said and the others nodded, and the women, who knew that Gaffipoh's wife had left him because of the sourness in him, made sounds of agreement and sorrow.

With Gaffipoh gone the men's march moved forward like troops getting from one bad position to another. Bill Mandina said softly:

"We got to get him down all right, but don't touch me now."

That was as far as everybody had got already, and it was not very far at all.

"In the city we could have a census with a long boom, but here—" Bill looked about him at the scrub and the river and the ruined roofs of the houses. "Hump," he went on, "we haven't got even a phone on. The longest stick of timber I've seen round here is about eight feet and we've got no rope or wire."

A man with a big Adam's apple cleared his throat. He was the finest master in the group and a rifle fitted laterally into hand as a spade or a sporker fitted the hands of other men.

"Someone better tell Gaffipoh

we'd better shoot him," he said with conviction. "He can't stay up there for ever, that's for sure."

In the middle of the morning three small boys crept over on some big stones downstream from the group and climbed off into the scrub carrying sticks. A minute later a chorus of shouts rose from the south end of the bridge. These remarks sprang up towards the bridge and dropped back into the river. One of the men hurried along the bank waving his arms, and the boys still

The man who had stayed up by the bridge while Gaffipoh slept said to the men:

"I wanted him about going out on the bridge. Those were my right and duty."

"The horse?" someone asked, "— who's taking the gear?"

"Only the water," the man replied. "Every now and then he starts shaking. You can feel it along the water."

"Like I said," the man with the big Adam's apple put in, "We ought



"Here's a beauty . . . only 16 mg. tar. 12 mg. nicotine!"

off deeper into the scrub. The man came back, his face covered with indignation.

"Trying to spear him," he said with a snort, then added, "kids!"

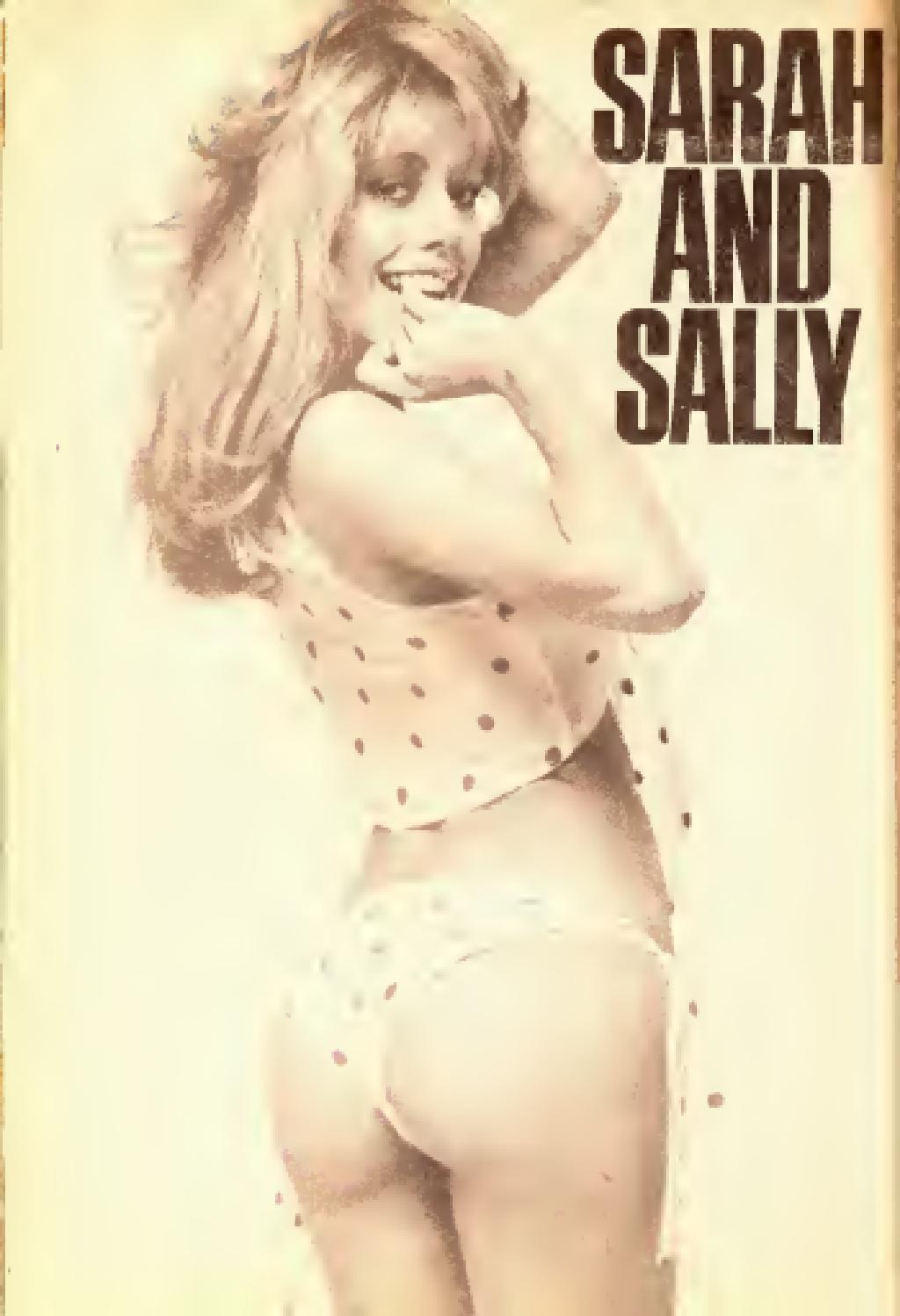
No-one spoke. Gaffipoh, who slept on until it was night, and no-one heard him leave his house in the darkness.

But in the morning when the group re-formed he was back by the strainer post and still staring along the bridge.

to tell Gaffipoh we should shoot him." He looked round on the others and said pensively, "We'd be doing him a favor."

It was noon when Gaffipoh pushed himself away from the strainer and walked down to the group, and when he got close they all saw that he looked older and thinner and poorer. His eyes searched the faces until they found Clubfoot's, and Gaffipoh slowly:

(Continued on page 64)



# SARAH AND SALLY



# LOBO TRAP

The Ebony Gang and their leader were too fast for the law to catch. But if they could be tempted out into the open...

FICTION / WALLACE MCKINLEY

CONCHO, dusty desert mining town, dozed in the fierce heat of a late afternoon sun. Quiet reigned except for the unceasing clatter of the stampers from the mills clustered at the foot of Eagle Mountain. The dusty street was almost deserted. The town would not come to life until the day shift came out of the shafts driven deep into the breast of the mountain.

Luke Money appeared in the doorway of the adobe stage office. He was as lean as a scrubby bush, battered black hat brimmed the cap of the door frame. The expression on his long, thin face was solemn, almost doleful as he squinted across the washboard of sage-dotted sand. Slowly he raised one hand, rubbed his temple thoughtfully.

Off in the distance where the road dipped down into Cottonwood Canyon, a dust cloud marked the course of the approaching stage. Luke's eyes narrowed and his leaning form straightened. The dust was trailing out rapidly. Tom Riley was pushing his horse hard. Which was strange. Unlike—

Luke Money turned his head. A man sauntered around the corner of the building. The hair showing under the brim of his hat was a flaming red. Twinkling blue eyes held a glint of cockiness. Old friend, these two. Luke Money, philosopher and stage driver. Clem Doyle, entwined partner, now guard for the stages running between Concho and Silver City.

"Your conscience bothers you, Luke? Or is it business?"

"Neither, one, many. Stage watcher." Tom Riley rolling up the dust. "The law's got him, or the devil is breathing close on his heels."

Doyle's face hardened as he studied the lengthening dust banner. "A bunch o' devils, more likely. Callin' themselves the Ebony Gang if they got old Tom . . ."

He did not speak. In grim silence the two watched the approach of the fast-moving stage.

Belated dust blown and tethered horses the stage swept into Concho. Money was beside the heavy coach before it stopped. The driver sprawled on the seat. Beneath a coating of dust, his features showed drawn and bloodless. He tried to speak, and a crimson froth dyed his lips. He crumpled suddenly, like a paper figure caught by the wind. Luke caught him as he pitched forward.

A crowd was gathering as they carried Tom Riley into the stage office. The murmur of excited talk carried into the quiet of the room. Straightening his long frame, Luke looked across the long form of the old driver into the eyes of his friend.

"Hit three times. Wonder he lived long enough to get the stage in."

A soft oath came from Doyle's lips. "The amazin' bound! It's going to be mighty hard on Tom's misses and the kids."

Money's face was expressionless, but little pinpoints of light glittered in his eyes. It was a chequered future



that Tom Riley's widow lived. For her husband, the rest of his kind, had lived with no thought of the morrow.

Money turned his head as Concho's sheriff, Bert Wheeler, entered the room. A moment or two Wheeler looked down into the set features of the dead driver. Then he lifted his head, asked a question.

"Tom's right went out. Tom he could say anything." Luke answered.

Wheeler's heavy shoulders sagged, there were lines on his face that made him look old, tried. "Another job we can charge up to the Ebony Gang, I reckon."

"seems that way," Money nodded. "Only this time, Sheriff, the stage wasn't carrying any treasure."

The two men regarded each other steadily. "Meemin' it was Riley they was after?"

"Just that. It was Tom who kept them from lifting the strong box two weeks ago. They were after Tom's scalp to serve notice on the rest of us—that's my guess."



Wheeler's lips tightened. Thus, with a scuffle of booted feet, two men entered the little office. Both were miners. They had, it appeared, been the only passengers in Tom Riley's coach, and their story confirmed Luke Mooney's theory. The stage had been pulling up the hairy grade when the gang unseated their passengers by a burst of gunfire from the brush. No attempt had been made to stop the stage. The passengers had had a brief glimpse of three masked men, that was all.

Wheeler paled at his drooping moustache, spoke hoarsely: "Tom Riley they was after, right?"

"Yeah," Clem Doyle put in. His head was thrust forward, blue eyes snapping coldly. "Question is, Bart, what you aint do about it?"

"Everything I know how," the Sheriff replied, but there was a baffled, despairing look in the back of his eyes. "It ain't easy. Some clever hand a runnin' shangang. They know when to hit and where. Most folks are afraid even to talk."

about 'em. And with all the hard cases hangin' out in the Alkali, an' any could go in there and come back with nothin' much to show — say bullet holes, maybe."

"Well, by Godfrey, somethin's got to be done!" Doyle snapped. "And if the Sheriff's office can't do it—"

"Hold on, redhead," Mooney laid a restraining hand on his friend's arm. "Bart is right. We'd all like a crack at this outfit, but we've got to find 'em first. Law fighting won't help and that leads to the fence."

"Well, you thinkin' of going kidnapin'?" There was a hint of mockery in the voice. Luke Mooney turned slowly to face the speaker. His eyes narrowed as he met the challenging stare of the slender, carefully groomed figure in the doorway.

Millie Wur was the owner of the Nugget, Concho's largest place of chance. He was a well known figure in the mining town and somewhat of a mystery, as well. Wur's past was a

closed book. There was something in the smoky black eyes, in the set of his thin lips that discouraged inquisitiveness.

"Not me. I've got a job and it ain't hunting any Ebony Gang." Mooney's lips twitched in a grim smile. "Collegue's hand never was a hobby o' mine."

"A cautious soul." There was thinly veiled contempt in Wur's voice. "But your redheaded friend — maybe he'd like to help these holdups?"

Doyle grunted. "Way things have been going, it's a sight safer to stock up stages and more profitable. But I don't reckon it's necessary to tell you that, Wur."

Wicked lights blazed in the smoky eyes. But the gambler's face was expressionless, his voice was smooth, quiet but with a fine note of menace. "Nobody ever yet looked keeping his mouth shut. I'd think that over, Doyle."

The crowd in front of the stage office had dispersed, twilight settled

over the awakening mining town. At the corral, Luke Moony's eyes made a glowing spot of color in the dust. Clem Doyle stared, spoke meditatively. "They're a ten thousand reward out for this Ebony gang. Maybe you win kind of hairy, fellas? Was you didn't aim to go hide hunting?"

Moony's voice was a soft drawl. "Not any. Fella who tries collecting rewards is likely to collect his first

time, but if they did, it would be with deadly swiftness."

The road made a wide loop where a narrow side canyon broke through the thick lava walls. The road wound down from the gloomy entrance, the old road leading to a long since deserted mining camp. The dry brush stirred as a puff of hot wind came up the canyon. There was no other sign of life. But tracks shrilled

The passenger gasped, his eyes widened as he regarded the shining Colt that had appeared in the tall driver's hand. He did not wait to argue the point, but fairly tumbled out of the stage.

Moony relieved him of his gun. Glancing up, he saw Doyle glaring at him. "Roddy a dream for a spell. Now, he isn't here. I tapped him real easy-like. Hey, you! Grab shoot and ease him down."

The passenger obeyed. Already the guard was beginning to groan and the guard was so tame. Housing himself back into the seat, he released the bridle. The horses lunged into their collars as the long whip popped over their backs. The coach turned sharply into the rut of the old road, disappeared in a swirling dust cloud.

\* \* \*

The smell of dawn was in the air, its grey skirt has advancing along the eastern horizon. Under the desert stars, the mineral-coated surfaces of Deathgate Sink glimmered faintly. Outlined against the white background were two riders, Luke Moony and Clem Doyle. They rode in silence, mounted comfortably in the saddles but alert for the first sign of danger.

It was certain that the Sheriff and a posse were on their trail. But the danger of capture by the law was not a pressing one. Far ahead, looming darkly against the sky, was the granite bulk of the Alakai Range.

Before long the partners would be climbing the gravel fan spread out from the mouth of Deathgate Canyon. And at the end of that deep, narrow peak in the living rock was Sky High. A tough camp, sanctuary for some of the worst renegades in a dozen States. In Sky High was only one law, that of Judge Cole.

Morning was driving the shadows from the sink when the horses climbed the last ascent of the fan. Huge masses of rock entered the canyon's mouth. From the dark depths came a whispering breath of wind.

To Moony, it was like a warning of danger. No sound broke the brooding hush, but his muscles tightened. For an instant, his fingers brushed the hilt of the Colt in its shoulder holster. No farther westward looked in the canyon, they could not turn back. Safety, if such it could be called, lay with the lastest inhabitants of the camp in its natural stronghold high in the mountains.

There was a creak of leather as Doyle leaned closer to his partner. His eyes gleamed in the shadow of his hat brim. "Don't just like the feel



"Only one place to go on. Well, at least it's something."

Now I've got an idea that beats that all hollow, Latica, indeed."

The stage was an hour out and traveling rapidly down the winding descent of Cottonwood Gulch. In the driver's seat, Luke Moony swayed easily to the motion of the coach, his eyes fixed on the road ahead. Behind him, the two guards maintained a sharp vigil. Experience had shown that the Ebony Gang had ways of finding out when balloon shipments were sent out from the Concho mines. The bandits might not strike this

badly as Moony pulled the trotting horses to a halt.

The metallic click of a shotgun hammer going back was followed by the thud of a blow and a sickled groan. Without looking around, Luke swayed tightly to the ground.

The lone passenger put his head out of the window, apprehension plain on his features. "What — What's your car? Is it a holdup?"

"You might call it that," Luke Moony admitted. "Climb out, fella, and don't get festive. Might bring on a sudden attack of heart failure."

'of things, Luke. I smell trouble."

"Which is something we can expect to find most anywhere," Money replied with glee briefly. "We know what's behind. We've got to take a chance on what lies ahead."

The horses had caught the uneasiness of their riders. They moved forward slowly, following the trail that wound among the rocky masses. The click of the shod hoofs woke little echoes. Luke's eyes shinned hungrily over the sterile desolation of the canyon's mouth. As they advanced, the tension increased rather than lessened.

Luke's horse gave the first alarm. A queer cry ran through the animal's muscles and he lifted his head suddenly and pointed forward. His rider's gaze flashed to the shattered granite ledge, scarring the canyon wall just above them. A movement like the shifting of a shadow, caught his eyes.

The horse reared as Luke wrenched at the bit, shouldering Doyle's gray. The report of a rifle answered the maneuver. Luke went out of the saddle at a dive. As he struck the ground, he whirled with the speed of a great cat. Answering the whiplike report of the rifle was a rippling crash of four shots, so



"The only word I understood was 'unleashed'!"

closely spaced they blended into one blast of fire.

From behind the ledge a man suddenly stood erect. He clawed at his chest, while the rifle he had carried slid clattering down the rock

Slowly he twisted on his heel to fall heavily.

"Get him!" Clem Doyle grunted crazily.

Money stepped fresh cartridges into the long-barreled Colt. His expression was wooden, but his eyes held the cold glitter of a ransacking eagle's. "Keep a sharp lookout. Strikers are likely to run in pairs."

Like a shadow, he did it among the rocks. Taking advantage of every bit of cover, he worked his way up to the ledge. Not until he was sure that the hidden marksman had been alone did he step out into the open.

Kneeling swiftly beside the sprawling figure, his lips curled in a toothless smile, "Thought so!" he said under his breath. A moment longer he looked at the set features of the dead man. Then swiftly expertly he searched him.

When Luke Money appraised his companion, Doyle spurned him with a look. "Our last-shootin' friend wasn't exactly a stranger. Near a gun to mess his pet people."

"So it was Duke Quinn?" Clem Doyle exclaimed. "By Godfrey, Luke, you reckon that means Wex is tied into this thing?"

"I have got a notion that way," Money retorted grouchily. "Quinn was out of town considerable, lookin' over mining prospects for Wex, he claimed. But I'm wondering if he needed this in the mining game."

He held out something black and suspicious. Doyle leaned forward to peer at it. An oath broke from his lips.

"The Eberry Gang!" And Wex and



"I hope you remembered to pick up an instruction book."



"It says, 'Help! We're being held prisoners against our will!'"

Queen as thick as thieves. No wonder the gang knew where and when to hit their licks with Wur passin' them their orders. You figure Queen was loyal for us?"

Luke shook his head. "Hope Reckless, Queen wasn't in town when we pulled out with the stage. My idea is he was at Sky High and heading back for town when he seen us coming. Could be he figured we were on the trail of Tom Riley's killer."

"Anyhow, he decided to put us out of the way."

"Believe you've hit it. And that means the gang's hideout is in Sky High. Chances are, we'll run into the whole bunch there."

"Can happen," Luke shrugged. "If Wur isn't in camp, I'll gamble he's hammering the mud in the direction. We'll find the answer after we pull into Sky High."

At the instant of Dungeon Canyon the partners drew their guns. Doyles twisted in the saddle, spurring back into the depths of that mighty gash in the living rock. Heups passed in a screeching whine.

"Men couldn't ask a better hideout. No sheriff's going to track up on him — not up that canyon."

"You're not the first fella to figure that out," Mooney replied dryly. "I have heard that most of the boys up the way are plumb Shenniby."

"We ought to be right in style."

"I'm wonderin' about that. If news of the disappearance of the stage — and the gunbox — hasn't drifted up the way, Wur will know where it is. After all, it's a ticket to

shady thousand in gold bullion. That's the way the gang will look at it. And it won't take 'em long to figure we cracked it along our back-ways."

His expression was gloomy. "Looks like a man can't find peace and quiet nowhere. Might as well take a job sheriff's and get paid for hunting trouble."

Clem started. "Can't expect any thing different! Not with you both like a lightning rod. You draw trouble same as it does thunderbolts."

The partners entered Sky High valley at its lower end. A long narrow trough between towering cliffs with the road winding down the center to the hub of buildings — they rode into the camp. Luke's eyes were sharp under drooping lids. Sky High had a reputation even among the tough towns of the Nevada and California deserts. It was a magnet that attracted desperadoes with an aching desire to find a refuge from the law.

Both cursing and hostile glances were leveled at them as they rode down the naked road. Sky High's citizens were hard-faced, cut-speed for the most part. But if Luke Mooney read any menace in their sly-eyed regard he gave no sign. Only mild interest showed on his long face.

The partners rode up to the Ace Comal, just beyond the Head Rock Block. As they dismounted from their weary ponies, a man came out of the stable. He was small and scrawny, but graying as colorless as his person. After unloading and depositing their gear in the stable Mooney addressed a casual question to the Indians' proprietor. "What Wur leave any word for us?"



"You of all people, Doylesond — a marriage counsellor."

The watery blue eyes blinked rapidly, alarm shadowed on the male's face. "Nope. I deserve nothing" about it. He didn't say nothing, anyhow." And with that he turned and scurried hinkily into the stable.

"And what was the other answer that fool question?" Clem demanded when they were out of earshot.

"Wanted to know how well Wur was known here," Luke replied placidly. "He must be a regular old boy-wolf in these dippin's, with that rabbit last hank his ears and loped for his burrow."

In spite of Morley's prediction that Wur would make port base for Sky High, the day passed without incident. When dusk rolled quietly down from the sheer peaks that gleamed above the little valley, the gambler had not shown himself.

From a position in front of the Red Rock Hotel, the partners watched lights appear along the darkening street. No one seemed to be paying them any particular attention. Sky High was absorbed in running its own business. But Luke knew they were being watched. Trouble was headed their way at a high lop, with the bit in its teeth.

Clem's eyes made a glowing arc as he ducked it out onto the street. He spoke frantically. "What are these fellas waitin' for? Trouble, hell! I seen more excitement at a Sunday school picnic."

"Keep your shirt on," Luke advised glibly. "They understand you at the supper table, now. Maybe you noticed him, evin' 'n like a hungry wolf? Right at present, they're two more fellas across the street keepin' 'caus on us. Things are shapeup' up for a hot time."

Just as he spoke, his sharp gaze caught a movement at the further end of the hotel porch. Instantly he felt the quick, savage uplift of spirit that the presence of danger always brought him. He felt something tough run above, glanced down and met his partner's eyes. Nodding, he spoke laconically. "Time for us to be driftin', I reckon."

The two moved forward without any appearance of haste. From behind the corner of the building, a figure stepped out directly in their path. "Just a minute, Morley. I've been looking for you."

"That so?" Luke exclaimed. He recognised Wur instantly, and at the same time was aware of the two men who had materialised from the shadows behind them. Another pair were crossing the street. The showdown was coming quicker than he had expected.

Wur took a step forward, bringing the two faces to face at close range. "I didn't expect to see me here, did you, Morley?"

"I am't exactly overcome with surprise," Luke Morley declared. "Anything special on your mind?"

"Well, there's I was wondering if you heard about the stage being robbed. It seems the thieves got away with some \$30,000 in gold."

"Hart Wheeler was real put out about it."

Wur's voice had sharpened, earned an undertone of menace. "The two of you played a clever game, but you're reached the end of your string. I want the bulletin."

Luke Morley felt his pulses quicken. Wur's eyes were glowing in

there was still time, if he acted quickly. He opened his mouth. Clem Doyle's hot retort cut him off short.

"You and your Eboby Gang'll be in hell a long time 'fore you get anything out of me!"



"Say, Fresh and Brooklyn seem to have really hit it off!"

"Seems I did hear something about it," Morley drawled easily. "You off the trail of the holdups, Micky?"

"In a way, yes. Oh, not for the reward. I wanted to suggest that those — gentlemen — let me handle the bulletin for them. For safe keeping, of course. So much gold might go to their heads."

"Sounds reasonable," Morley rubbed his long chin reflectively. "Only those fellas — when you find them — might have other ideas."

"Never mind the play-acting!"

"Feel like that about it, do you?" Wur asked his voice a plastic purr. His hand slid down to his side.

"Don't you?" Luke Morley said icily. He jammed the barrel of the Colt into Wur's belly. "Get your hand away from that gun. That's better. And I wouldn't try collarin' in your friends. Before they can get me, you'll be as dead as Ben Adams' old mare."

He heard the sharp hiss of Wur's indrawn breath. In spite of his iron control, the gambler's voice trebled.

(Continued on page 63)  
ADAM, July, 1970 49

# MONDAY



# MONA LISA



# THE LOCKED ROOMS



It all seemed so simple. Except the accused had not been tried, convicted, or any possible appeal resolved.

## FICTION/Peter Sinclair

**DETECTIVE SERGEANT** Donald Bane tossed a bundle of papers bound neatly with a red tape onto the dining room table and sank into his favorite armchair.

"Today I arrested my first murderer," he announced.

His wife, Bane, called from the kitchen where she was browning lamb

steaks under the grillier. "That's nice, dear."

His father-in-law Edgar Hodgkin, seated on the sofa opposite, grunted and turned a page of the newspaper, uninterested.

Bane, who missed no opportunity to foster good relations between his husband and her father, called. "Dad, you hear that, Dad? Donald caught his first murderer today. Don't you think that's wonderful?"

Hodgkin replied without lowering the paper. "I'd think it's wonderful when the man has been tried fairly, convicted and any appeal has been heard and resolved."

"There's no doubt about that fellow," said Bane.

"Is it in connection with the murder this morning of a young woman in a motel room?" Hodgkin asked.

"That's the one. Is it in the papers already?"

"On page three of the Mirror."

"What does it say, Dad?" and Bane "Read it out!"

"They've probably got it all wrong," Donald growled.

Hodgkin said. "MOTEL MURDER: STUDENT HELD" Police this morning charged a 25-year-old medical student with the murder of a woman at an inner-city motel. The student will appear before Central Court of Petty Sessions later today. Police were called to the motel about nine o'clock after an employee found the body. It is believed that the man was still asleep beside the body when the discovery was made. It is understood a judge of the New South Wales Supreme Court slept the night in a state next to the murder room."

Donald grunted. "It's right as far as it goes. But, of course, they don't know a quarter of it."

"Has he confessed?" Hodgkin asked.

"Not yet. But he will."

"Or you'll bring out the rubber hoses, eh?"

"Don't be silly. It's old goals like you that . . ."

"Now, now, you two. No fighting before dinner," said Bane. "I'm sure Dad was only joking, weren't you, Dad?"

"Yes," said Hodgkin, "but the reaction was interesting. Why are you so sure he'll confess?"

"Because no one else but him could possibly have done it."

"And why is that?"

"Because when the mad, who took up their breakfast trays, entered the room the door was still chained on the inside and he was asleep beside the body," Donald explained.

"Then how did the mad get in?"

"Through a connecting door between the master room and the judge's room next door."

"Is it usual for mad to force entry into the bedroom of paying guests?" Hodgkin asked.

"In that case it was reasonable enough. The previous night the man had put in their breakfast order for eight o'clock. When the maid took breakfast up to their room at eight they didn't answer the knock so she took the trays away and came back half an hour later. When they still didn't answer she used her parrot key to open the door. But the safety chain on the inside of the door was in place and she couldn't open it more than a few inches — just far enough to see the bathroom door, which was closed. All the bathroom doors are fitted with those vacuum, self-closing devices."

"Real eye for detail," Hodgkin commented.

Bane continued. "The mad called to them several times then decided they must have flown the coop during the night — that's not uncommon with young couples who book in for a night's fun."

"You think it was like that, eh?"

"Well, she was married, but not to him. The mad knew them by sight. Apparently they'd been going there together off and on for months. Anyway, she took the key for the connecting door and went in through the judge's room. When she went into the couple's room it was so dark that . . ."

"Wait a moment," said Hodgkin. "That must have been about a quarter to one. It's broad daylight."

"That's true but the window was covered with those heavy curtains they usually use in motels. Anyway, as soon as she entered the room the mad saw that the two of them were still in bed. The man was lying on his back on the side of the bed nearest the window, snoring gently. And the girl was on his side with both arms over the edge of the bed. She gripped the girl on the bare shoulder, noticed she was very cold, then shook her. The girl rolled over, half out of bed. There was a knife sticking out of her back and blood all over the sheets. Of course, the mad screamed her head off and woke up the man. He was very groggy and it took him a few minutes to realize where he was. One of our doctors examined him in the morning and it seems he'd taken a quantity of barbiturates just before the previous night. Anyway, when the man realized he was on a spot he made a great pretense of surprise and horror. But



he didn't feel anyone. The maid rang the switchboard from the room and the switch rang as I was there shortly after nine o'clock and the man — name of Dillon — was still wandering around, apparently in a lot of a daze."

"Did he have much to drink the night before?" Hodges asked.

"Not a great deal," Donald replied. "He drank two small bottles

The girl became so upset that in the middle of dessert she threw down her spoon and fork, pulled on her coat and walked out of the restaurant into the street. Dillon followed her out and they continued the argument on the footpath. Eventually she calmed down and agreed to return with him but instead of returning to the dining room they went straight up to their suite, which he'd booked by phone

room?"

"No."

"And did the waiter himself prepare the drinks or was that a barmen on duty?"

"There's always a barmen on duty until 10 o'clock," Donald said.

"Do any of the hotel staff live on the premises?"

"Yes. There are rooms for staff on the second floor. The waiter and barmen live there and we do several of the receptions."

"On which floor was the room where the body was found?"

"The fourth," Donald replied. "By the way, the whole building is unconditioned. None of the windows can open and none had been broken or shattered with."

Eane put dinner on the table and they sat down and began eating.

"Do you know what time Dillon and the girl went to bed?" Hodges asked.

Donald replied between mouthfuls. "Yes, we do. There was a fellow — not a very pleasant type — staying in another wing of the hotel who said he now then got into bed about nine forty-five and they right go out at 10."

"What do you know about the judge? What time did he go to bed... or hasn't you plucked up courage enough to question him?"

"Nothing of the sort. I called on him at his chambers and he was happy to co-operate. He stays at the hotel frequently and always asks for the same room. Old fellow. But set in his ways. He had dinner at the restaurant last night and went to his room at nine forty-five — same time as the other two were going to bed. His position that he never left the room and didn't hear anything unusual from Dillon's room."

"Where was the judge when the maid went through his room to open the connecting door to Dillon's room?" Hodges asked.

"He was asleep when she knocked. He had to get up to release the safety chain on his door to let her in."

"Then the judge must have been one of the first people at the scene of the murder. Did he form any opinion about Dillon's reactions and behaviour?"

"I didn't press him for an opinion on that. He seemed to want to keep right out of that aspect of the matter... quite proper, too — a man in his position."

They finished eating and Eane took away the plates.

"I suppose you searched Dillon's room thoroughly?" Hodges asked.



"Marriage, Shirley, is an idea whose time has come."

of beer in the room before going to bed and a large bottle earlier in the evening during dinner with the girl in the hotel's restaurant on the ground floor."

"And what about motivo?"

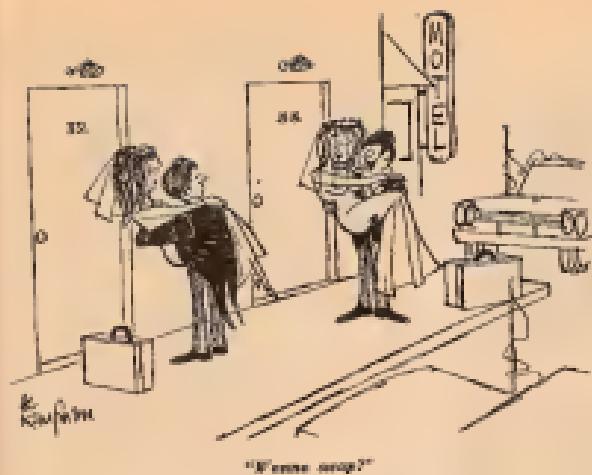
"While they were having dinner in the restaurant the waiter — who, incidentally, doubled as drink waiter later in the evening and took the drinks up to their room — overheard snatches of conversation whenever he came near the table. He and they were having one hell of an argument,

the day before. About eight o'clock Dillon rang room service for a small bottle of beer and a glass of gin and tonic and repeated the order about eight-forty-five. The same waiter took both orders up to their room — the same fellow who had waited on them in the restaurant."

"Where did he prepare the drinks?" Hodges asked.

"All the drinks came from a cocktail bar on the ground floor, near the dining room."

"Is the bar visible from the dining



"Please, stop?"

"We did. I had a plan drawn of it for the inquest and photographs taken."

"Are they in that bundle of papers you brought home tonight?"

"Yes," Donald noted the papers and unfolded a neatly drawn plan.

Hodgins examined the plan and remarked, more to himself than to Donald: "Both doors were charmed from the inside when the maid came at eight thirty... and the connecting door was locked."

"That's right," said Donald. "The judge and he checked it before going to bed."

"Were the two small beer bottles, the beer glasses and the two gin and tonic glasses still in Dylan's room this morning?"

"Yes, they were. The maid is positive she didn't touch them or anything else."

"Were there any fingerprints on them?" Hodgins asked.

"Dylan's fingerprints were on the beer glasses and the girl's were on the small glasses."

"And the bottles?"

Donald hesitated. "Funny about them," he said. "Dylan had wiped them clean of fingerprints then rinsed them out with water."

"If there were no fingerprints, how can you say who wiped them or rinsed them out?" Hodgins asked.

"The girl could have done it."

"I suppose she could have. But why?"

"I have no idea. But why should Dylan have done it?"

"Blame, I don't know. Does it matter?"

"It may."

"Rubbish. What does it matter which of them rinsed out the beer

"Nothing in the wastepaper basket?" Hodgins asked.

"Nothing. I checked it myself."

"Then where were the bottle tops?"

"Well, how would I know? You ask the right questions. The butler probably took them off before he handed the bottles over to the waiter, or maybe the waiter opened them in the room and took the tops away on his tray."

"Harran. Those are possibilities," said Hodgins. He began looking through the bundle of papers on the table, picked out a photograph and examined it. "This photo of a door with the safety chain in place... was it taken inside Dylan's room?"

Donald glanced at the identification on the back of the photo. "Yes, that's the door from Dylan's room to the corridor. The connecting door had no chain, just an old-fashioned lock."

"Please, pass me the magnifying glass from the pencil drawer, please," said Hodgins. "Thank you." He began to scrutinize the photograph in detail.

"Gawd," scoffed Donald. "He thinks he's Sherlock Bloody Holmes. What's the matter? Don't you believe Dylan did it?"

"I'm not convinced of it," said



"You afraid for the honor of and savings, Lady Marjorie. You just received word that your husband has been killed in the Crimea."



"Yes, I don't know, Charlie. If I say 'no', you'll think I'm gay... on the other hand, if I say 'no' I'll lose a night's pay!"

Hodgkins, without pausing in his examination

"Well, if he didn't, then who did? Tell me that Look, he had an argument with her, murdered her then tried to kill himself with an overdose of sleeping pills."

"You may be right but I doubt it." Hodgkins passed to Donald the photograph he had been examining. "What made those marks on the carpet directly below the door handle?"

Donald took the magnifying glass and examined the point. "Yes, I noticed them. It looked like some sick lad dropped his cigarette ash... burned right through the carpet."

Hodgkins handed another photograph to Donald. "This photo, also taken inside Dillon's room, shows a clock built into the head of the bed. Was it an alarm clock?"

"Yes," Donald replied, "and the alarm was set for 10 o'clock. I knew that, because I was there when it went off."

"Doesn't it think it strange that Dillon should have ordered breakfast for eight o'clock but set the alarm for 10?"

"Dillon and he thought he'd set it for seven o'clock but admitted he'd been feeling unusually drowsy when he went to bed and could easily have made a mistake and set the alarm for the wrong time. I wouldn't attach too much importance to it."

"No, I don't suppose you would." "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that you choose to attach importance only to those facts which fit into your prematurely conceived theories. If I was you I'd ring police headquarters immediately and have

he can explain how anybody other than Dillon could have entered that room after 10 o'clock - don't forget they were seen in bed by the peep-hole at that time - murdered the girl and left the room, bearing in mind that the door was chained from the inside when the maid arrived with breakfast next morning. And you can't get out of those safety chains in place from outside the room. So, you old snarler, if Dillon didn't do it, then who did? And if you realize the judge had anything to do with it..."

"Don't be absurd," Hodgkins snapped. "Those burn marks on the floor... they're the clue. That's how he did it."

"How who did what? What are you talking about? What about the burn marks?"

Hodgkins ignored the questions. "Did you search the staff quarters on the second floor?"

"No. But none of the staff had anything to do with it."

"You're wrong, Donald... they did. You must search the staff rooms immediately, with particular attention to the barmen's room."

"But the barmen was nowhere near Dillon's room."



"You needn't thank me for finding you not guilty, Miss Jones. After all, what are friends for?"

"Don't be stupid, Donald," Hodgkin barked impatiently. "Did you personally have her under observation all of last night? Of course you didn't. You know nothing of his movements after he came off duty at 10 o'clock."

"But why the barmy?" Donald asked placidly. "If one of the staff killed her — and I don't for one minute believe they did — it's most likely to be the waiter, because he took the drinks to that room."

"Yes, and that's precisely why it wouldn't be him," said Hodgkin. "If the girl had known the waiter and was afraid of him, surely she would have mentioned it to Dillon and he would have lost no time telling you about it to remove suspicion from himself. I take it he hasn't told you that the girl knew the waiter?"

"No, he hasn't."

"But the barmen may have known either of them and he could have kept track of them without either knowing he was there. What do you know about the barmen? Is he married? Does he have any family? How long has he worked at the hotel?"

"I haven't interviewed him yet."

"Well, Donald, I'm not trying to tell you how to do your job but if I am you, I'd have a chat to the barmen and search his room immediately. You could be lucky and find the evidence you need — particularly if he feels himself to be in the clear."

Donald rose with a sigh. "Well, Dad, I'm sure you're on the wrong track completely this time but I'll do as you suggest. Wait up for me. I shouldn't be late."

Donald returned as the grandmother clock in the hall struck midnight.

Hodgkin, who was watching television in the lounge, turned off the set when Donald came in. "That didn't take too long," he said. "Paid anything interesting?"

"I found something — but I'm afraid I know what to make of it," Donald said. He took a handcuffkey from his pocket and unlocked it on the tabletop. Inside it was a short chain attached to a small metal plate, secured by two links. The chain had been broken about two inches from the plate.

Hodgkin's eyes gleamed as he examined the chain. "You found this in the barmen's room?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you know how long he's been working at the hotel?"

"Only a few weeks," said Donald.

"And who married?"

"Yes, but separated from his wife."

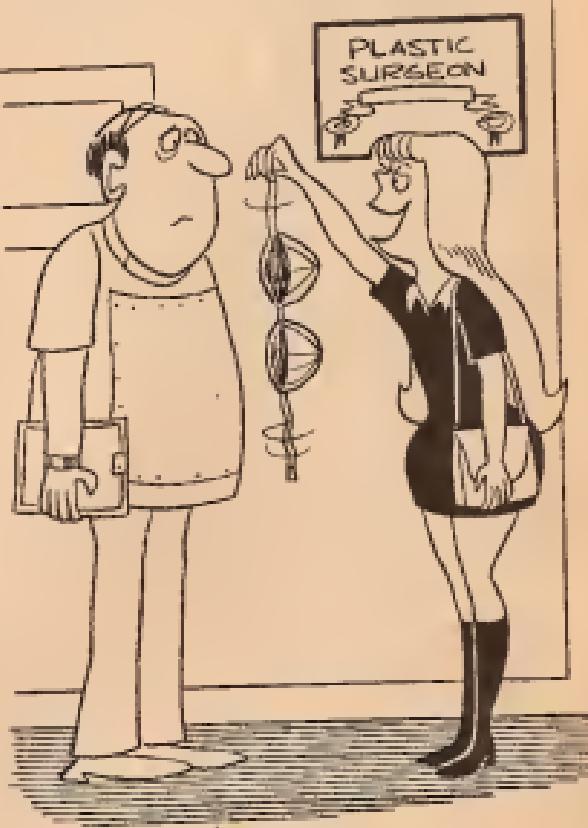
Hodgkin stepped a head down on the arm of the sofa. "Well, that clinches it. I suppose you've identified the dead girl as his wife."

"Yes, we have. But what does that prove? There's not a scrap of evidence against him."

"No evidence! That's all the evidence you need," said Hodgkin.

barmen — answered the door. I've never seen anyone look so embarrassed. The manager told him to let me search the room and I soon found out why he was embarrassed. All he had on was his dressing gown and one of the little blonde rachophosphate checks was tucked up in his hand."

"That is particularly important," said Hodgkin. "Good work, Donald."



"Well, I'm up!"

jibbing a finger at the barmen safety chain fitting.

"That doesn't prove anything — although he acted guilty as sin when I found it. That's why I took it with me. He'd hidden it at the back of his sea drawer."

"Was he in his room when you went back to the mind just now?"

"Yes, and he wasn't alone," said Donald. "The manager showed me to his room. When Keenum — that's the

"I gave the room a good going over and finally came up with that piece of chain. Just the same, I don't see what we can prove with a bit of broken chain."

"But don't you see, with you rule Dillon out as the murderer?"

"Who's ruled Dillon out? I still think he did it."

"Really, Donald, have you ever heard of a murderer dropping off to his room. When Keenum — that's the

(Continued on page 61)

## MEANEST G.I. IN THE US ARMY

Continued from page 32

stealing their clean socks. He would then lie across in the ground and patrolled them until he received an apology.

After basic training, Pisarski's company was sent to San Antonio, Texas, for advanced infantry training. The first weekend there, on his very first pass since he had been in the army, Pisarski all but wrecked a dairy place called the Hot Cat Club because the owner had accused him of losing over the bar and stealing a bottle of whisky. Pisarski wasn't brought up on formal charges but the owner of the Hot Cat Club seemed to have some influence because Wayne was restricted to camp for the remainder of his stay in San Antonio.

But the stay was comparatively brief, a little more than two months. When they finished the training course, Pisarski's company was attached to the Seventh Infantry Division and sent to Camp Folk for maneuvers. Because they took place in the woods and swamps of Louisiana, all of the men in the

company figured they were being trained for the Pacific theatre. However, after two weeks of maneuvers, without any advance warning, the division was marched to the edge of the swamp and loaded aboard waiting ships. They were taken from Louisiana to Norfolk, Virginia, where they boarded a transport and 10 days later, on May 12, 1944, they docked in Southampton, England.

The Seventh Infantry Division was stationed in a makeshift camp near the city of Colchester, north of London. There wasn't enough room for training so most of the days were spent listening to lectures about why they were fighting the Germans, how to recognize German tanks, motor vehicles and aircraft by silhouette, and about venereal diseases.

It rained constantly from the moment they arrived in England. The only other thing worth noting about the time spent in Colchester was that it was here that Wayne Pisarski made his first friend.

He was an American named Korn McKinney and he owned a bar named The Foxhead. At one time The Foxhead had been declared off limits to all Allied personnel because

no man had become deathly sick after drinking Mr. McKinney's booze. The guess was that he was making his own and wasn't too careful what he put into it. But Pisarski never got sick from drinking The Foxhead's whisky. He spent all his free time there, often sneaking out of camp during the afternoons to do so. In the evening, when The Foxhead became crowded, Pisarski would put on an apron and work behind the bar, a clear violation of US Army regulations, as he was in uniform. However, the friendship lasted only for about a month because McKinney not only accused Pisarski of stealing money from him but stealing his girl, friend as well. He had a lawyer and tried to sue the United States Army for bringing Pisarski to England. The story made all of the British newspapers, but, of course, it never came to trial.

There must have been some truth to Korn McKinney's claim, though, because not only did Pisarski continue to see the girl, but a warrant officer attached to the camp's commissary accused him of stealing whole sides of beef from the refrigerators and dragging them off at her apartment. During the war, beef in England was worth more than gold. The Inspector General's office investigated and they did find a whole side of beef on the lady's premises, and did find that beef had been distributed to all of her relatives and friends, and co-workers at the munitions factory that employed her. But there was no proof that Pisarski had supplied it. Just to be on the safe side, he was again restricted to camp for an indefinite period.

But the girl's extraction was too much and Pisarski took to slipping out of camp without authority, visiting her apartment and returning the same way he left, through the series of simple hedged wattle fences that surrounded the camp. And it was on one of these nights, about 1:30 in the morning to be more specific, that he met up with the two sergeants. Pisarski swore they were drunk.

They were in a jeep and passed him on one of Colchester's dingy back streets. One of the sergeants shouted, "Hey, Pisarski, you're supposed to be restricted to camp. What the hell you doing here?"

The driver brought the jeep to an abrupt stop and backed it up onto the sidewalk in front of Pisarski. Both of them got out and backed Pisarski against a wall.

"Let's see your pass," said the



"You're in for bending, folding and snarling a computer card!"

older one, a master sergeant.

Piasecki ignored him.

"We could run you in, you know. You know what kind of charge we could hang on you?" Unauthorised leave, and right before an invasion. You could easily get 10 years for that."

"Aw, let's not be rough on the man, Sarge," the other one said. "You know, he's in love."

Piasecki had not said one word.

"Let's show a little mercy," the second went on. "Like the good book says. How much money you got on you, Piasecki?"

Piasecki acted quickly. He took a kick to the master sergeant's ample stomach and his first punch landed in the other's face. Both grunted and cursed but Piasecki was like a wild man. He was smart and he was mean, no blow was too low, and in a very short time both sergeants were cowering, one holding on to the brick wall for support, the other crawling around on all fours as if looking for something. Piasecki had just finished several months of tough infantry training and both sergeants, who were attached to the headquarters company, couldn't take three steps without losing their breath. It was no contest.

How long he continued beating them Piasecki didn't remember. He started the one on all fours, the master sergeant, with a vicious kick to the ribs opposite his heart. He dropped the other, who was holding onto the wall, with a fistful of punches directly to his kidneys. And even after both men were down and still, Piasecki continued to beat them, stomping their groins, kicking their heads, beating them on their backs. The cobblestone roadway was glistening and slippery with blood.

Piasecki stopped as suddenly as he had begun. It seemed to have dawned on him that it was over, that there wasn't a chance of their getting up a fight. Immediately his mind began working. He dropped down and felt their temples and wrists for pulse. As far as he could tell, there were no pulses. Which meant that he had probably killed them. He had to get out of there.

Acting almost automatically, Piasecki slipped off the master sergeant's pocket because it had the least blood on it. There were papers in the pockets, identification, a couple of letters from the sergeant's wife, and a permanent pass which was issued to all men above a certain rank who were attached to Headquarters Company. The pass was good anywhere and had no



"Don't take my word for it . . . ask Taffy."

restrictions. The last thing Piasecki did was to take what money there was in the sergeant's pockets, a little more than \$70 between the two of them. Thus fortified, he climbed into the jeep and high-tailed it out of Colchester.

A plan formed itself while Piasecki drove. He would go to London and lose himself among the tens of thousands of American soldiers who thronged that city's streets. Even while he thought about it he slipped the dog tags from around his neck and threw them away.

When his jeep ran low on gas, Piasecki made it to a truck convoy parked on the road, the drivers asleep. He got into a truck, released the brake and allowed it to roll to the bottom of a hill. Then, out of sight of the drivers, he started the engine. He made London by dawn.

But London wasn't the sanctuary he had hoped. His very first morning he was stopped five times by MP patrols and his papers examined and checked against lists of deserters. Obviously his name would soon appear on that list, along with the master sergeant's whose papers he carried. So, he had to get out of London.

He left London that afternoon, taking the first train that left the Victoria station it was headed for a place called Weymouth, where he arrived several hours later. Though Piasecki had no way of knowing it, Weymouth was a Channel port loaded with American troops getting ready for the invasion of Europe.

But he was stopped by MPs in Weymouth, too. Before he left the

sister he was asked for identification and his pass, both of which were checked against the same master list they were using. A London One MP explained that because of the invasion the number of desertions had risen and orders had come down to drag every last son of a bitch back by the ears. It was obvious that all of England was on the alert for him, or would be within the next 24 hours. Only they weren't going to drag him around by the ears, they were going to stand him in front of a firing squad.

Within several hours of his arrival in Weymouth, Piasecki slipped into a US Army Replacement Depot where men newly arrived from the States were assigned to fill vacancies in existing units. Wandering around the depot, ready to take advantage of any situation that presented itself, Piasecki was drawn, as if by some magnet, to a shower room. It was huge and almost empty. There were two uniforms in the dressing area and he chose the one that had papers in it.

The papers belonged to a PFC Wilbur Evans, an infantryman who had got sick while taking advanced training and crossed shipping out with his regular outfit. He dumped the master sergeant's jacket into a lost-and-found bag, took up the papers and left them in a waste basket, then reported to the assignment office. It was all very simple. The assignment officer, a major, attached the name of Wilbur Evans from one sheet of paper and crossed it on another. Which is how Piasecki came to be attached to the

(Continued on page 14)



# WACKY WORLD



"I'll have whatever he's having."

When wackier worlds are built, ADAM'S cartoonists will build them. For you unbelievers take this wacky world of Slim, for example. Read 'em and weep. We mean chuckle . . .

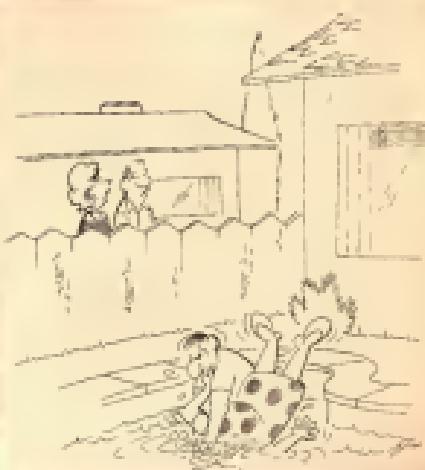


"I forgot, doctor — is it pink or yellow?"

# OF SLIM



"Why don't we have a swimming pool?"



"Did you see a low constraint come by here?"



"Unconcerned as I am to public speaking . . ."

#### MEANEST G.I., Continued

79th Infantry Division, whose shoulder patch was the Cross of Lorraine.

There could have been trouble. The real Weber Even no doubt complained about someone stealing his jacket and his papers and they must have tried to trace the man who had used them. But the Normandy invasion was about to get underway.

Piarski and the other men who were about to join the 79th were taken by train to Bournemouth and from there directly to an APA — an attack transport — which was rating at anchor less than a mile offshore. Two days later the invasion of Europe had begun, three days after that, the 79th Infantry Division was landing on the Cherbourg Peninsula.

The Cherbourg landing was no picnic and had Piarski managed to board his odds for survival would have been better. Four veteran German divisions in massive fortifications waited for them, then 77th, then 79th, 243rd and 91st, plus units from the 12th SS Panzer, Paratro Lehr and 2nd Paratro Divisions, in addition to thousands of fortresses and service troops. Getting onto the beach after was an

accomplishment but that proved to be child's play compared to what they faced when they were finally able to push inland. The countryside was lined with hedgerows and cross-crossed with ditches. Behind every hedgerow was a Nazi machinegun nest and a small combat team, completely hidden. Each time Piarski's company came to a corner they lost three men. Their first two days in France they were able to move less than two miles.

Like all men tasting battle for the first time, Piarski made some important decisions. One was that he wanted the best weapon for the hand-to-hand, face-to-face combat they were experiencing. So the first time he came across aized GI with a grease gun, he took the weapon and left the carbine alongside the corral. The grease gun was a new weapon then. It looked just like its carbines. It was a rapid-fire submachinegun with an adjustable shoulder stock made of two steel rods instead of wood. It was very light and fired 45 bullets which were fed from foot-long slips. The grease gun wasn't accurate beyond 70 feet and it had a tendency to fire up and to the right. But within its range and from any

position it could cut a man in half. That's exactly what Piarski's gun did the first time he used it. Because he had joined his squad at the very last minute, he wasn't part of the team effort. So he hung back as they moved and tried to fit himself into their operation as best he could. It happened during a night artillery barrage that seemed to have been tailored specifically for them. Amazingly, all of the squad jumped for the ditch except Piarski.

The closest ditch was across one of the intersections that had been proving so costly. So he simply flung himself onto the road. And while lying there he could see through the bottoms of the hedges, spotting a German machine gun squad and the small combat team that initially went with it.

Piarski crawled backward until he came to a hole in the hedge and dithered behind it. There were eight Germans, their backs to him, three at the machine gun, five in the combat team. He could throw a lot of 45 slugs at them but they had all better be accurate because he wouldn't have an opportunity to change the clip that was then in his grease gun. And so he stood up, the best position to fire the grease gun from, and fired, from left to right, getting the machine gunners first and then, at least, wounding the members of the combat team, all with the first clip. When it was empty he grabbed to one side, quickly changed clips and finished the job. Only two members of the combat team were able to get shot off and they were wild. By the time the second lieutenant in charge of the squad showed up, all of the Germans were dead.

"Wow," he said, looking down at the dead men to Piarski. "I'm going to recommend you for a medal for that."

In the excitement Piarski had forgotten the name he was hiding behind and he looked around, wondering who the lieutenant was talking to.

But reacquainting under the name Sean didn't change Piarski's personality. He made no friends in the new outfit, small items like toothpicks, magazines and books were stolen from various members of his squad and, of course, he received no mail. Piarski also knew how to take care of himself. For example, he always seemed to have the best place to sleep, whether it was out in the field or in a farmhouse, hotel, school or other building that the squad took over for their quarters. When the unit moved forward, sometimes over

clayey, soggy roads, Piaruski always managed to find a seat in a jeep or the tailgate of a truck to ride on.

Despite himself, Piaruski again became a hero. At one point, moving north toward Belgium, his company was ordered to take a village whose tower was being used as an artillery observation post. If it were up to the company commander, he would have called in air support or tried to knock the damned thing out with some of his own artillery. But too many churches had been destroyed since the allied landing in Europe and the Free French Government had complained about it. So orders were sent to all units in the field that in no circumstances were churches to be made targets for anything larger than rifles. Unfortunately, the enemy seemed to have received copies of the order, because they continued to use churches in any way they pleased.

They moved out while it was still dark, the entire company on foot, everything that could possibly make a sound was either left behind or muffled in some way. As usual Piaruski went his own way, moving about 200 yards from the rest of the company and then passing to them. He did this because the only human being he trusted was himself. He didn't want to pay the price for someone else's mistake. If that man was loud, attracted enemy attention or did something wrong, Piaruski didn't want to suffer the consequences.

Less than a mile from where they had started, Piaruski heard something — talking, whispering; not two or three but many men. He dropped to the ground and crawled and to the top of a stone fence. There, ahead of him in the darkness, was what looked like several companies of Germans, all primed, all ready to attack. Most likely, they were planning to ambush his company.

Piaruski sped back to his company commander and reported what he had seen. Quietly and efficiently the Americans stopped. A quick plan was drawn up and the would-be ambushees were themselves surrounded. At a flare signal, they attacked. It was like shooting fish in a barrel. In about half an hour those Germans who hadn't been killed, surrendered. The company commander again said he was going to recommend Piaruski for a medal.

Probably the biggest and sincerest thing Piaruski ever did was capture a German general. It happened accidentally, as such things do.

Moving forward, as always a good distance from the rest of his unit, Piaruski stumbled onto a path where

he happened to spot the remains of a German general. He followed the path for about a mile to a small shed and when he peeked inside, he saw two Nazi colonels and a general studying a map.

He hoped to take all three men prisoners but both colonels were foolish enough to go for their pistols. The general ran off while it was designed to do, literally out there in half of that distance. The general never hesitated in raising his black-gloved hands over his head.

He was a Hollywood type of Nazi general, complete with monocle, shaved head and impeccable manners. He spoke perfect English and his first words were an order to Piaruski that he be taken to his headquarters immediately.

Piaruski studied the general carefully. There was something to be got from the general, he could smell it.

"General," he said. "How'd you like to go free?"

The general looked at him without understanding.

"You know, if you can make it worth my while, I'd just let you go. But I'd got to be big, nothing small. Otherwise I might not even bother taking you in. I could just let you go your haddies here."

The general turned white and looked down at the bone pieces of what had once been 180 colonels. "Yes, yes," he said. "I understand. But you must permit me to contact my unit."

"The hell I will," Piaruski said. "No unit, no nothing. You have to come up with something on your own. I know you says, you been sailing for the past four years and you must have yours stashed away somewhere so you can take it back home."

The general snarled. He had met a man, an American, who understood. There was nothing to do but take the York to his cache.

It was a protracted journey and they moved slowly, the general always at the end of the passenger's nozzle. Several times they stopped between congregations of German infantrymen, each time, the general moved as stealthily as Piaruski did. Finally, after several hours, they came to a barn. After making certain that it was deserted, Piaruski followed the general inside. There, the German piled a board from the wall and propped a tricoface. Piaruski was still cautious. "You get it and bring it to me," he ordered. The general did and then opened it for his review. The tricoface was stuffed with American dollars.

"Sixty thousand in all," the general said proudly, and then explained that it had come from a sum that was used to pay spies and saboteurs behind Allied lines.

The general wanted to leave right then and there but Piaruski wanted him to accompany him back to his own lines. When they arrived at the hut where they had first met, Piaruski opened fire and the general joined his two colonels on the barren floor.

Piaruski transferred the money to his own pack and treated it as you would expect, using the pack as a pillow at night and never letting it out of his bed. But one night, when he was huddled down in a cedar null, the Germans opened fire with heavy artillery. The first shell hit the end of the null, knocking the floor out from under the sleeping American. The second shell shook the building so badly that a massive world had collapsed.

Everyone ran out of the null, including Piaruski. It was only when he was about 30 feet away that he realized his pack was still inside. He started to run back for it, and the rest of the men in the squad shouted for him to stop. But the next shell hit the null squarely before he had gone three steps. Not only did it completely destroy whatever was left of the building but it set the dry timbers on fire and Piaruski had no other choice but to watch 600,000 go up in smoke.

Piaruski's "transquade" finally came to an end in early September, 1944. The unit had just taken a town in Belgium called Rebecq, and Piaruski was walking down the street



"It was absolutely horrible . . . his clumsy hands passing at my face, his foaming at the mouth, his grinded speech, his lower breaking . . . of course, we had considering it was only his first rage."



"Just take 2 aspirins, a cold shower and call me tomorrow, Doctor."

When a captain stopped in front of him, pointed a couple of times and said, "Hey," Pnarski recognized him right away as being from his old outfit, and he started to run. Unfortunately, a pair of MPs standing a few feet away had observed the chance meeting. And bad news comes in batches. That very evening while Pnarski was sitting alone in a makeshift cell, the lock clicked and the guard looked in.

"Someone to see you, kid," he said.

It was the company commander. "Hey, Evans," he said after the door had been closed behind him. "I don't

understand all of this. There must be some kind of a mistake, something about the replacement depot in England. Uh, you are Evans, aren't you?"

The court-martial was short and sweet. It lasted for only two hours, something of a record for court-martial. Pnarski didn't qualify. The four judges put their heads together and conferred for about a minute, coming out of the huddle nodding in agreement.

The colonel stood up and said the court found the prisoner guilty on all counts. However, because of the extraordinary record he had made

since D-day, the court would not punish him. The only request the colonel made was that a notation be inserted in Pnarski's service record forbidding him to re-enlist in any of the armed services after the war was over.

#### Fat chance

Pnarski's story has long been forgotten and would have remained so except for the fact that Peter B. Randall, a wire service reporter on duty in Saigon during the Vietnamese war, happened to be going through some papers in US Army headquarters. His eye lit upon the name Wayne Pnarski, Jr. The name rang a bell and he read further. Pnarski, Jr. had been court-martialed for desertion from his unit, for stealing US Army equipment and selling it on the black market. But even though Pnarski had been found guilty, no sentence had been handed down.

Randall found Pnarski at the Tan Son Nhut airport just about to board a plane for the United States. The young man wouldn't talk about his father, whom he said he hadn't seen for more than 15 years.

But when Randall got back to the States, he looked up the name Pnarski in the Chicago telephone book and sure enough there it was. The first opportunity he got he travelled to Chicago, hoping to get a story. To tie up the father, like son there. The address in the telephone book turned out to be the address of a saloon called the Drop Dead Bar. Pnarski Sr., now in his mid-fifties, tended bar. There was no doubt that it was him — the mean face, the gleaming eyes that looked at everyone as if trying to discover their weak points.

At first Pnarski didn't want to talk. Finally, after some persuading, he agreed but only if the story wasn't run over the wires, Randall promised.

Pnarski admitted to having been married four times since World War II but was not living with any of his wives or speaking to any of his five children. He told Randall the story of his army experiences, neither making himself a hero nor apologizing for what he had done. When he finished, Randall asked him about Wayne Jr.

"That little son of a bitch," the old man said. "He's stupid, so he got caught. Me? I wouldn't have been caught to this day, if it hadn't been for that captain."

Pete Randall never ran his story over the wires. The magazine has nothing to do with the war service,

## NIGHT OF THE ONION

Continued from page 29

having an effect on him. It was no time to think about that, though.

"Come back here," the guy in the distance called.

"Okay," the guy near them said.

Jorgenson broke the last and made a look round. He saw the tall figure retreating behind the grey curve of the sand. There were other voices in the distance. He climbed to a crouching position. It seemed they were all right for the moment.

The girl was stirring. She was shaking the sand from her torn dress.

"Oh," she said. "Oh, thank you, Oh, God. I don't know how I can ever thank you."

"We're not out of it yet," Jorgenson told her.

"Where are we?"

He didn't feel like delivering a geography lecture. He didn't know where she was from, anyhow. He didn't know how long they'd had her in the car.

"They're just along there still," he said.

"Oh, it was horrible. They stopped next to me and then two of them just grabbed me into the car, and then they were pulling at me in the back for hours. They kept asking me would I do an onion for them. They kept saying they'd onion me."

Jorgenson nodded. He knew the expression.

"And they kept trying to take my clothes off. And then they drove all the way out here. They said they'd onion me on the sand. And they got me out and I couldn't stop them. And then two of them..."

Her voice was rising. She was getting hysterical again. "That's all right," he said quickly. "How do you feel now, anyway?"

"Oh, I feel awful, I feel terrible."

He didn't think it was quite as bad as that. She'd already been able to run a good way. But she'd had a really bad shock, and she could have internal injuries. The sooner he got her out to a doctor, the better.

He could still hear the voices. They sounded back over toward the road. Now they had a sharp run back to his tent, and the damn buggy.

"Come on," he said.

The girl followed unquestioningly. Jorgenson was able to think ahead. Get the buggy, then out along the track, over the bridge, back to the main road. Then the police. Maybe he'd find a local station, maybe he'd be able to phone them. Then hospital.

They were at the camp. He led her past the tent and helped her up into the buggy.

"What about your things?" she said.

"They won't worry about them."

"What were you doing here?"

"Fishing," he said. He was fumbling with his keys.

Then there was a blinder of light over on their right. The Valiant's headlights were on. Then they heard the big car's engine start.

Jorgenson turned the ignition key and stepped on the accelerator. Maybe they wouldn't hear the buggy's engine. It was too late to worry now, anyhow. He couldn't let them cut him off from the bridge.

"Hold on," he shouted.

The dune buggy honked back for a three-point turn, then swerved toward the track, the caged un-cooled engine roaring high. Jorgenson watched the Valiant's headlight glow out of the corner of his eye. It was already on the track, heading back toward them.

They found the track in the

moonlight and swerved left on to it. He still didn't have his lights on. It'd be better if the Valiant's driver didn't know exactly where they were for a while first...

The Valiant was right behind them and it had them in its headlights. The head shaker of the buggy crossed them, picking out the rim of the windshield and the dashboard. The Valiant was gaining fast. It was nearly on top of them.

Jorgenson yanked the wheel and the dune buggy veered off the track. Now he had to get his lights on, to pick a path on the sand, to keep from turning over. The Valiant thundered past, and he heard a clank in its bottom hammered down on a rock. Now it was turning, too. It was slowing.

The buggy turned through the Valiant's headlight beams, and Jorgenson blanched and looked away. He was heading back for the track. He switched his own lights off again.

The Valiant accelerated, heading along the track to cut him off. He had to pull up short and was away





"I'm having complications. I don't know whether to make it with the day or night movie."

again. He couldn't risk a collision there.

The Valiant was heavy and clumsy, and low on the ground. It couldn't turn as close as the buggy, and it couldn't risk going out on the soft sand. But it was more powerful, faster, fast enough to cut the VW buggy off every time. Jorgensen didn't know what would happen if both cars made it through to the main road. He'd have no chance of pulling clear of it then.

Jorgensen circled and drove for the track again. The Valiant was waiting, and it lurched forward. This time, Jorgensen slowed short of it, and flicked his headlights on for a couple of seconds. Then he swerved right, past the Valiant's left, across the track and over the sand-bump on the side.

He glanced aside briefly at the girl. Her mouth and eyes were wide, and she was holding on tight. The seat-belt had caught and dragged her drag away to the side. Her loose braids shook like jelly as the buggy jolted. But she was all right where she was for the time being.

Now he'd gained a few seconds. He hoped the Valiant's driver had been looking his way when he swerved the buggy on back there. He made a half-circle left, back on to the track.

In his mirror he saw the Valiant was backing. He'd gained a few more seconds — the driver had noted off the road. For a moment he hoped it was bogged in the sand, but then he saw the lights come round. It was coming on hard behind the buggy. He knew he'd have to keep on with the crazy drift for a while yet.

He made it over the top of the hill ahead of the Valiant. But the big car made up ground on the slope down towards the bridge. He yanked the wheel round, and the buggy's big tyres buried in the sand again. The Valiant roared past in the dark.

swimming like a tank. It had left its mofflet back there somewhere on the track.

Jorgensen hoped the Valiant's driver didn't have enough imagination to go straight down and park on the bridge over the creek. It was a one-lane wooden thing, and he couldn't get past then. Then it'd be back to the beginning for everybody, four against one, then they'd have the girl.

The youth in the Valiant wasn't that smart. He turned short of the bridge, waiting for the damn buggy to come up. Jorgensen stopped too, dropping to first, keeping his foot on the clutch. The first thing was to get over the bridge. Then they'd see.

He remembered the place from daylight. There was sand standing in a wide area just short of the bridge. The Valiant would have room to manoeuvre. Or would it ...

He let in the clutch and went right, across the tracks, around to the Valiant's left. The Valiant lurched forward and started to turn, then backed. Suddenly Jorgensen stepped on the accelerator, shooting forward past the Valiant, back across the track at right angles. The Valiant's engine sputtered as it followed.

Now it was behind him again. This time, though, there was room to get out of its way and still keep a good speed. Jorgensen put the wheel on hard lock, turning inside the Valiant, making a complete circle. They boozed across the track again. There was the bridge. Next time ...

Next time round, he slowed and steered on course for the bridge. The Valiant was accelerating behind him, rocking on the gravel uneven sand. The sound of an engine was in front. He was on the track, going on to the bridge. The Valiant ...

The wooden planks of the bridge were rattling, vibrating under the damn buggy's thick tyres. He had to slow to keep on course. The Valiant's

lights blazed in his mirror, yards behind.

Then he heard the snap, wood on metal. He makes a split-second glance over his shoulder.

The Valiant's left-hand wheels had hit the wooden kerb along the side of the bridge. The Valiant was in the air for a second, smashing through the plank railing. It was off the bridge, sailing in a topsy-turvy arc into the darkness over the creek. Jorgensen was already slowing off the end of the bridge when he heard it hit the water. The big headlights went out.

He boozed off the track, down to the bank of the creek. There was nothing there. The all-water channel was deep enough to cover the Valiant. There were a few bubbles out from the bank, that was all.

They watched and nobody came up. "Were they all in there?" said the girl.

"I don't know," said Jorgensen. One second the Valiant had been there, now it was gone. It was hard to adjust to something happening so fast.

"Are you going in after them?"

"No."

He wasn't good in the water, and he felt too weak still. And it didn't make sense to rescue somebody who'd probably turn on him as soon as he was safe. And they'd asked for it, anyway.

They waited a while longer. The bubbles stopped. There was a trace of oil on the surface.

"We might as well get going," Jorgensen said.

He gave the girl his shirt to wear. Suddenly she broke down again. Maybe she'd never seen death before. He took her in his arms and kissed her again a long time, and stroked her smooth soft body, steadily, gently, her braids and belly and legs. It gave them both something else to think about. She calmed after a while.

They found a police station in the second town along the highway. A sergeant and a constable were on duty. They stared when he brought the girl in.

The constable had just made a magazine, *Sports Car World*. He showed when Jorgensen gave him time.

"Dave Jorgensen. Are you the driver?"

"That's right," said Jorgensen.

"Yeah, I've seen you race. You were in that big smash at Amoco last June."

"That's right."

"Yeah, that was a bad one. You're OK again now, are you?"

Jorgensen thought of the night's driving. "I guess I must be," he said.

## LOBO TRAP

Continued from page 48

with passion. "This trick is just about going to get you killed, Morey."

"I wouldn't go out too strong on that." With a swift movement, Morey secured Weir's gun. "Now suppose you tell the boys the three of us are going to have a little pow-wow. Sort of test for them to watch."

An instant only Weir hesitated, then as the gun barrel nudged him suggestively, he spoke亟ly. "Wait here, boys, while I have a little talk with one — friend."

Following orders, Weir turned away. Instantly Luke Morey stepped close to his side. To the watchers, it merely seemed that the two men departed almost arm in arm. For Morey had skillfully shifted the shotgun so that it pressed against the gambler's ribs.

The little procession proceeded silently to the corral gate. Luke Morey addressed his partner. "Sleep our gear on the best sage you can locate."

Doyle faded into darkness. With the captive, Morey moved toward the deeper shadows beside the stable. Weir stopped. "What are you figuring to do with me?"

"Aimed to lock you up," Luke returned gruffly. "For safe keeping, you might say."

"Don't be a fool!" Weir growled. "Look here, Morey, you've got brains. I can use a man like you. Throw in with me, and we can pan things in this part of the country."

"Now that's real interesting," Luke conceded. "Only I never was partial to teaming up with a skunk. Don't like the smell none."

Weir shrugged. "Sorry you take it that way." He started to turn, side-stepped like a flash and grabbed for the gun. Morey struck the clutching fingers down. At the same instant he unslashed the barrel of the Colt across the gambler's temple, and Weir crumpled soundlessly.

Doyle was leading the horses out when his tall companion appeared silently at his side. They mounted hastily. "We'll take the back way," Luke Morey directed, low-voiced. "Some of the boys figure on us becoming permanent residents. No sense in letting 'em know we got other notions."

A hot breeze stirred in the draw, whipping up the powdery dust and heralding the approach of another day of blistering heat. Shading his eyes against the level ray of the rising

sun, Luke Morey looked down to where the draw lost itself in Mineral Bank. A group of bobbing figures came around a shoulder of granite.

The tall driver spoke his thoughts aloud. "Not over two miles behind And from the looks of things I'd say they picked up fresh horses after they left Sky High."

Doyle touched dry lips with his tongue. "And ours most worn out. They're going to be powder burned 'fore we get to the end of this trail."

"Can happen," Morey shrugged. The two rode on, saving their ponies as much as possible.

The draw stretched ahead of them — caustically — limestone, entirely barren. They covered several miles. Now they could make out the head-blurred outlines of Sentinel Rock, where the draw widened out at a ruined Gold Indian Valley.

Luke Morey looked back over his shoulder. Not more than half a mile now separated partners and pursued. The eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"Going to be close, pard," Doyle shouldered. He was grinning, his darted crimson eyes burned with recklessness.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the horse stumbled, went down. Doyle was flying close.

Luke Morey reined in, circling back. Doyle was on his feet. His face was haggard but his eyes did not waver. "Ride for it, pard. My buck's run out."

Morey made no answer. Leaping from the saddle, he caught Doyle by the shoulder, swinging him from the ground. In mid-air Doyle's foot found the stirrup. A screech and he swung himself behind his comrade.

His voice rose breathlessly. "You

damn fool! You could've made it alone. Now —"

"Stand up!" Morey snapped. A puff of dust blossomed close behind them. A second later came the flat crack of a rifle.

Morey's jaw muscles tightened, bunching under the skin. He turned the horse, angling for the break in the face of one limestone wall. Jagged masses of black lava almost choked the entrance. If they could reach the shelter of the rock, they had a fighting chance. But could they make it before their enemies cut them off?

Weir and his men were spurring on frantically. The partners had but a score two hundred yards to go now. And then Morey felt the horse quiver, distinctly heard the snap of the bullet as it smashed into living flesh. With a warning shout to his partner, he kicked free from the stirrups, jumped clear as the animal went down.

Luke Morey landed on his feet. Clem Weir had fallen to his knees, but he was up in an instant. One quick glance Morey flung over his shoulder. Their pursuers were so close he could see the glint of Matt Weir's bared teeth. The next second he was springing for the rocks. Behind them the lissay Gang opened up with a ragged volley.

Clem Doyle was struggling to rise, but it was too late. Morey lifted his arms in a token of surrender. Best addled up in a bay cloud as the Ebony Gang surrounded them.

Weir rock in close, mucky eyes lit with a savage glow. He did not speak, but a muscle twitched at one corner of his tight set mouth. He lunged forward in the saddle. Slowly,



"Well, I've got news for your mother. It's not only at heart that you're still a little boy."

deliberately, the nozzle of his Colt came up like a coiled rattler he was preparing to strike.

Morry did not flinch, his gaze held Worr's steadily. But his nerves vibrated.

"Grab for the sky, the lot of you. We've got you covered!"

The moment or two of silence that followed the command was tense with explosive possibilities.

"You're a few minutes late to get in on the reward, Sheriff. We claim these men as our prisoners!"

"Is that a fact?" Wheeler demanded. He sounded mirthlessly. "Happens there aren't no reward offered, Milt. There wasn't any stage robber, either, not this last time. That was a payin' job. Luke figured you'd fall for it. Now suppose you grab for your gun and do it quick?"

Watching Worr, Luke Morry saw his pupils narrow to pinpoints, but the gambler's voice was disarmingly smooth. "Quite a trick, eh, Sheriff? Our friend Morry is smart, very smart!" His lips twisted in a quick snarl. "Too bad he won't live to enjoy the reward of his virtue."

With the words, Worr grasped the horse strongly. The animal reared.

But Luke Morry had not been caught napping. He threw himself aside, felt the bullet dig in his coat. Then the weapon he had snatched

from the holster cracked hard against his palm.

Worr straightened convulsively. His horse was already at a dead run. For a brief space of time he stayed in the saddle. Then he plunged headlong to earth.

Morry turned to find Clem Doyle on his feet. His partner shook his head, grinning sheepishly. "Solicitor tore the feed off my boot. Felt like it had booted up my whole leg. Luck was standin' us both."

"Which is partin' is paid," Wheeler put in. "You boys took a mighty long chance."

Morry stroked his chin. "You showed up just in time, Bert."

"Well, that was luck, too," Wheeler answered. "Some of the boys were for wantin' at the Rock. But I had a hunch. We moved on this morning. Was less than half a mile away when we heard the first shot. We been drivin' our bats on lady luck ever since you got the idea of the take hold-up."

"Dedn't know as I'd make it that strong, Bert," Morry declared thoughtfully. "Strikes me we used our heads some, figuring that when you want to get a wolf out in the open, it's easier to bait him out than to go in his den and grab ahold of his tail."

## THE GOLGOTHA OF SADDLEBAGS

Continued from page 77

"Clubfoot, it wasn't your fault. It was mine. I shouldn't of let 'em."

Then he looked at the man with the big Adam's apple and he raised his brows at him and nodded sharply. The index finger of his right hand crooked several times, and he walked off towards his house.

The man with the big Adam's apple rubbed his hands together and spoke.

"I know all along," he said. "I could see it would come to this." His eyes wandered across the river and made a private journey up to the scrub behind Saddlebags. He left the group and followed Galtrops, but on the edge of the scrubland where the track to the houses began he turned and threw a calculating glance up.

The sight of the man returning with the rifle had an effect on the group. Some of the men had eyes only for the blue barrel and the smooth stock but others shooed the women away. The women walked towards the houses and each woman's head was down, and when they had gone the men watched the man with the rifle drop down the bank on the river and cross over on the stepping stones. They could see the tops of the scrub moving as the man forced his way towards the bridge. Up behind the bridge they saw when the scrub stopped moving.

Because everyone was waiting for it and had imagined their ears of all other sound the crash of the rifle seemed to be the loudest noise heard at The Bend. Over the river by Clubfoot Regan's house it had a hard flat ring to it, like two boards being slapped together, but to the men below the bridge it came as a roar. By and by they heard a fragment of the sound fleeing up the gorge in a high whump and they saw that the head of the horse was down.

"It was a clean shot," said the man with the rifle when he came back. With the rifle held easily in one hand he looked up at the horse. "Yes, it was clean."

It was then that Clubfoot Regan uttered the thing that worried them long after. What he said worried them through the winter while the rocks on the bridge rotted and the planks often ran crookedly of water, and it worried them well into the Spring.

"Shooting him," said Clubfoot thoughtfully, "haven't changed anything. We still got to get him down."



"Now hold it, Alex. He's a lover, not a fighter."

## THE LOCKED ROOMS

Continued from page 53

drop while the corpse of his victim rests beside him. Murders either dispose of the body or at least leave the scene. Now, the breakfast maid and Dillon seemed surprised and faced after she woke him with her question. No doubt that was because he actually was surprised, since the girl was in good health when last he saw her. And as for his dazed condition, it could have been caused by shock, or the effect of the barbiturates. Any theory that he murdered the girl then attempted to do away with himself by taking a overdose of sleeping tablets doesn't stand up. Dillon is a senior medical student. He certainly knows the least quantity of barbiturates required to cause death."

"Then why did he take the tablets at all?" said Donald.

"I think I can answer that. After the alarm went off he said he thought he had set it for seven o'clock but because he felt unusually drowsy the previous night he could have made a mistake. Why would he

have been so drowsy? He hadn't had that much to drink — the equivalent of two large bottles of beer since dinner-time — and it wasn't that late in the evening when they went to bed. Also, he had the prospect of several hours' unemployment with the girl before him. Would you have gone to sleep in such circumstances?"

Donald sat up quickly. "Donald wouldn't go to a motel with a girl at the first place. Would you, dear?"

"Of course not, love." He turned to Hopkins. "Then you think the girl slipped him the pills?"

"No... no. When your doctors do a post mortem examination of her they'll find she also had taken barbiturates. You remember that the bottle caps from the two small beer bottles were not found in their room? What happened is that Kristie removed them at the bar downstairs and added the barbiturates to the beer bottles and the girl's juice before passing the drinks to the water. He allowed the drugs plenty of time to work then went up to their room. He obtained a pass-key — not difficult for an employee, particularly when one of the executives is his girlfriend — opened their door as far as the safety chain would allow and

locked. When he was satisfied that Dillon and the girl were asleep he gathered a quantity of powerful acid on one of the links of the safety chain — which is of very poor quality metal — and walked while the acid weakened the link to the point where it could break it, or perhaps sever it with bolt cutters. But some of the acid dropped onto the carpet, making those small marks you might look for cigarette ash burns."

"When the door was broken he entered the room, unscrewed the small plate handle the door to which the broken safety chain was attached and quickly screwed in a new one. Then he put the chain into place, securing the door from outside. He then murdered the girl in the key in a drugged sleep. The whole plan, as you see from his purchase in advance of the new safety chain, was well thought out."

"There were a number of matters he had to attend to before leaving the room. First he removed all traces of barbiturates from the beer bottles but not from the glasses, so that it would appear that the drug was added to the drink after it was brought to the room. Then he realized he would have to wipe the

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"On the house, Mac. I can't remember a more interesting face."

bedroom chain so his fingerprints would not be superimposed over the prints of other people who should have handled the bodies only after him."

"But why drag Dilks and the girl at all?" Donald asked.

"For two reasons — first, to be sure they wouldn't wake up while he was in the room, and second, so that Dilks would remain asleep until into the next morning and, if possible, be discovered in the embarrassing position of being found in bed with a dead body beside him. To achieve that, Krauss re-set the alarm clock for 10 o'clock and completely closed the heavy curtains because, if you remember, the doorway-lead of the other wing of the motel was then going to bed and put out their light so the curtains must have been at least partly open when they went to bed. Krauss did not want either the alarm clock or daylight to wake Dilks before he could be found beside the corpse."

Donald frowned. "I suppose that's all fairly logical as far as it goes. I just admit it does explain a few things that didn't make sense. But how did Krauss manage to leave the room with the door still chained on the inside?"

"That was not as difficult as it sounds," Hodgkin said, smiling. "The murder probably took place about 10:30 — that is half an hour after Dilks and the girl put out their light and about three-quarters of an hour after the judge went upstairs to his room. Now, the judge and he went to bed about eleven o'clock. Right?"

"So Krauss had plenty of time to kill the girl — this is, his wife — and avoid all of the other motives I've

mentioned will before the judge went to bed at eleven."

"Yes, so?"

"So when he'd done what he came to do Krauss sat down on the floor near the connecting door and watched the judge through the peephole. You will see from the plan that the chair from which the judge would have watched television is directly opposite the door."

"If you're going to tell me that Krauss got out through the judge's room after the judge went to sleep you can forget it," said Donald. "He could have escaped through there if he had murdered the girl before the judge arrived but you and yourself that the girl probably wasn't murdered until about 10:30 — and our doctor says it was no earlier than that — so the judge was already in his room watching television when the murder was committed. And Krauss couldn't have crept through the room after the judge had gone to sleep because the safety chain would not have been in place when the man woke the judge next morning."

Hodgkin held up his hand. "Your objections are quite valid, Donald, but you don't allow me to finish. Now, where were we? Ah, yes. Krauss is sitting on the floor watching the judge through the peephole. At eleven o'clock the judge turns off the television, comes to the connecting door, turns the handle to make sure the door is locked, then begins to undress. Quietly Krauss unlocks the connecting door and opens it a fraction. The judge doesn't notice because the room is not brightly lit. Krauss watches and waits for his opportunity."

"But it was seven o'clock," said Donald, "because the judge is positive he never left the room."

"Aha. But that depends upon what he meant by 'the room.' Tell me, Donald, what do you always do before you go to bed?"

"Don't play games," said Donald impatiently.

"I'm perfectly serious. But let us go back to the point where Krauss has unlocked the connecting door and is waiting for his opportunity to escape to the corridor through the judge's room. The judge puts on his pyjamas, picks up his toothbrush and goes into the bathroom. The bathroom door closes automatically behind him. Krauss comes through the connecting doorway to the judge's room, locks the door behind him and goes quietly out of the judge's door to the corridor. Later the judge puts the safety chain in place before going to bed."

"By God, it could have happened that way," said Donald, miffedly stamped.

"I'll bet a year's pension I did. Finding that broken chain in Krauss' room clinched the case against him. His alibi with one of the receptionists also is important since she could have supplied him with the keys necessary to carry out his plan."

Donald stood up. "I think I'll have another talk with Mr Krauss and his blonde friend right away."

At his-thirty next morning Donald was sitting in the kitchen drinking coffee when Hodges joined him.

"Has Krauss confessed?" Hodges asked.

Donald shook his head. "Not yet, but it hardly matters anyway. His girlfriend tipped the basket on him. He'd told her the whole plan. Apparently he became suspicious that his wife was seeing another man and had followed her. He soon found out they spent at least two nights a week at that particular motel, so he briefed the henchman who worked there to go on holidays and recommend him to the manager as a temporary replacement. He told the receptionist he wanted to set up Dilks and his wife in a compromising situation for divorce evidence. Our fingerprint experts did a thorough job on the murderer room and found his prints on the safety chain, the lock, the handles on both sides of the connecting door and on the handles on both sides of the judge's door. We've got him cold. The receptionist will finish him off when we put her in the witness box."

"What about Dilks? Have you released him yet?"

Donald snapped his fingers. "Thanks for reminding me. I'll see to that now." He reached for the telephone.

## THE OWEN GUN STORY

Continued from page 25

it could be easily mass-produced, cheaply and quickly. He found that the designer lived nearby, and he took up the matter with Mr Beaumont Lewis, the chief general manager of BHP.

Beaumont Lewis was also impressed with the design. He promptly sent Owen to see Captain C. M. Dyer, Secretary of the Army Ordnance Board, in Melbourne.

Beaumont Lewis had recently been made Director-General of Munitions, and Captain Dyer gave Owen a much better reception than the ordinance staff in Sydney had the year before. In any case, after a year of war, the value of such a weapon had become painfully obvious.

The first call for a submachinegun came from the Western Front armies in World War I, when a close-range weapon for clearing enemy trenches was needed. Each army found a different answer, at the time.

The British introduced the Lewis light machine gun, found that they still too heavy, and went back then to the bayonet and the hand

grenade. The Germans experimented with their Luger pistol, using a change drum magazine. The Americans tried changing their Colt 45 automatic pistol, then introduced the Browning automatic rifle — which was closer to the Lewis gun than to what was really needed.

But in the end, the Americans found the right answer. The Thompson submachinegun appeared in the 1920s — just in time to become the favorite weapon of the prohibition gangsters.

The "Tommy gun" was very heavy, but strong and finely machined. It could be fired by one man from the shoulder or the waist, and it could hammer out 40-45 calibre shots a second.

But despite the publicity given to it by Mr Capone — or because of it — the Thompson wasn't widely used at first. A few hundred were sold to the US Marines, and a few thousand to security agents. The rest lay in storage.

World War II changed all that. In the 1930s the Germans had developed the Schmeisser sub-machinegun as an assault weapon, and its value was shown in the fighting before Dunkirk. The

Thompson was thrown back into production, and hundreds a week were soon being turned out in America.

Most of them went to the US services, and a few to Britain. The British were developing their own submachinegun, the Sten. But the Sten was still in the design stage in 1940, and few of the Thompsons had trickled out to Australia.

At the outbreak of war, in fact, there were only two submachineguns in Australia — an experimental German Bergmann machine pistol captured in World War I, which was a trophy at the Small Arms School at Randwick, in Sydney, and a Schmeisser which Customs had seized from a German ship passenger in Sydney and given to the New South Wales Police.

Early in 1940, Captain E. W. Latchford, the chief instructor at the Small Arms School had bought a 45 Thompson from a gunner at the Solomon Islands for use at the school. This was all the experience of submachineguns the Australian Army at home had had. No small arms of any kind had ever been developed in Australia.

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gun, then, he realized that it might be what the army was looking for. Despite disengagement from some of his superiors, who thought it might be safer to wait for the British Sten gun, he arranged firing trials and had the Lyneight company make more models.

Owen was given duty time from the AIF, and helped Lyneight make .32 and .45 calibre models of the gun in the next 180 months. After successful firing trials of the .32 model, using British automatic pistol cartridges, Private Owen went to Melbourne again for an Ordnance Department meeting.

Owen learned that the army had now decided that it did want submachineguns — but it wasn't sure if it wanted Owen's. Many senior officers preferred to wait for the Sten gun from England, which they

expected to be a more sophisticated weapon.

In fact, the Sten gun was to be a "cheap and nasty" weapon like the Owen design, not a hand-tooled product like the BSA. It was designed for rapid production to meet the threat of invasion. But nobody in Australia knew that at the time.

The Owen gun's future hung in the balance. There were delays in testing it, because of the lack of suitable ammunition. At the same time, it was hard to decide what calibre it should finally be produced in. The Sten was coming out in 9 mm calibre, to make use of captured German munition stocks — but that calibre wasn't made in Australia.

By then the Owen was no longer a secret. Questions were asked about it in Parliament, which drew comment

in the Press. Private Owen's weapon was becoming a subject of controversy.

Then the government stepped in in an unorthodox move, it took the matter out of the army's hands by placing an order with Lyneight for 100 Owen guns in both .45 and 9 mm calibre.

It was a denial of the principle that the army should decide its own needs — but it brought fast results. The order was placed in June, 1941. By September, some of the guns of each calibre was ready to be tested against Thompsons and Stens at Sydney's Long Bay rifle range.

Firearms experts watched as officers and warrant officers blazed the range targets with thousands of rounds. None of the weapons was very accurate — but with pistol-calibre cartridges and short barrels, that was to be expected. Each fired about 600 rounds a minute.

But the Owen performed as well as the Thompson and the Sten. In extreme conditions, when it was wet or clogged with mud, it performed better. It promised to be a reliable and effective weapon.

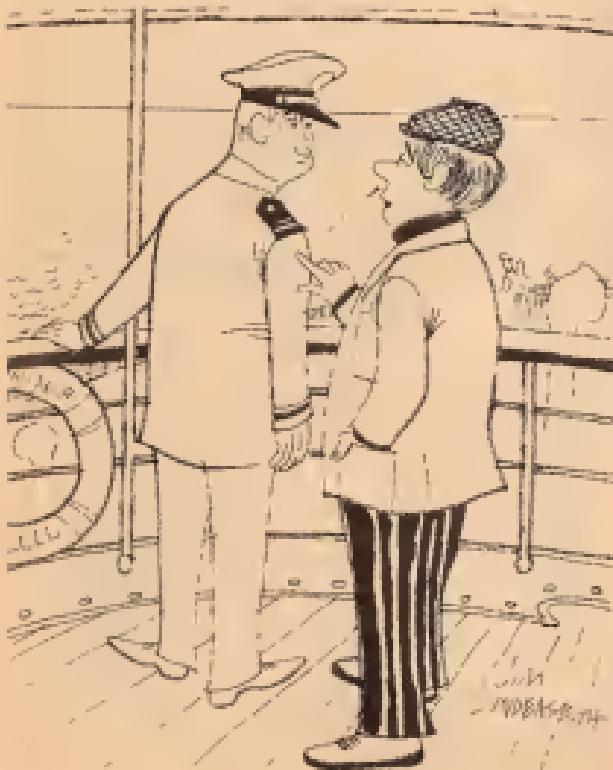
On the strength of the trials, the Army Minister, Mr. Spender, increased the order from 100 to 2000 in November, 1941, there was more Press criticism of the army's simplicity — but by then the Owen gun was already in full production.

The army settled on 9 mm as the Owen's calibre — partly as a safety measure, because the Sten was also going into production and the army wanted the same cartridge for both.

The first version of the Owen gun to go into production weighed about nine and a half pounds, with a loaded magazine — more than the Sten, but less than the Thompson. It had a plain wooden shoulder stock — more comfortable than the Sten's strut-like arrangement. Its muzzle was fitted to a standard bayonet.

The straight, top-mounted magazine held 32 rounds, although usually only 32 were loaded as a precaution against jamming. The action was simple. Cocking forced the heavy bolt back on a spring, and pulling the trigger released it forward. The bolt picked up a round on the way, shoving it into the chamber, and the fixed firing pin struck the primer. The explosion of the cartridge in the chamber sped the bullet away down the barrel, and at the same time it punched the bolt back on the spring. If the trigger was held down, it would return for the next shot a fraction of a second later.

The change lever by the thumb of



"My wife fell overboard about two hours ago. Please should I notify?"

the right hand selected automatic, single shot or semi. Dugouts were taught to fire rapid single shots for economy, with bursts reserved for close-range emergencies.

The blowback action absorbed most of the power of the cartridge, so the Owen had a low muzzle velocity. The bullet was ineffective at long range. But the Owen was meant for close-quarters work - 100 yards from the shoulder, 25 from the waist - and at that range its fire was deadly.

By mid-1942 the production Owen guns were coming out of the Lyndhurst factory. They went straight out to combat units, and within a few months they were in service in New Guinea.

War experience suggested minor modifications - but they didn't take long to make. The Owen was simple to construct, and production time was short. More and more orders were placed, as the weapon proved its value in close-range action in the hills and jungles of the New Guinea front.

For a while, the Australian Army was using all three submachine-guns but the Thompson's 45 calibre ammunition made it the odd man

out, and it was taken out of service when there were enough Owen and Sten to go round.

The diggers who used both the 9mm weapons came out in favour of the Owen. It was easy to strip, easy to clean and easy to load. Its magazine could be loaded by hand, but the Sten needed a separate metal "filler".

Frontline troops found the Owen would keep firing in mud-bath conditions, where the Sten would clog and jam. That was because the Sten had a side-mounted magazine, which let mud and dirt collect inside. But the Owen's magazine and body were open at the bottom, so most dirt fell straight out. Empty cartridge cases fell out the same way when the belt hit the bank, so there was less chance of them jamming it.

The Sten and the Owen had the same ballistic performance, but reliability put the Owen in front. In time it became the standard "forward arm" machine carbine, and the Sten was issued as a security weapon behind the combat zone.

In December, 1943, the British Ordnance Board carried out comparative tests of six submachine-guns in England. The tests gave clear proof

of the Owen gun's qualities. It was rated first in four tests out of five, and first in overall merit.

In combat, the Owen was used as an assault weapon for clearing Japanese fox-holes, and it was the standard weapon for infantry section scouts. It was a handy weapon for ambush parties for quick killing at close range, and for rifle patrols who could escape behind its high volume of fire. The Japanese had nothing like it.

By the end of World War II, more than 45,000 Owen guns had been made, equipping all the front-line troops of the Australian Army. After the war most of them were passed and stored for a few years. Then they came out again to equip the Diggers who served in Korea. They were still highly regarded by the men who used them.

The Owen's third war was the long Malayan "emergency", when Australians served in the British Commonwealth forces which saved Malaya from Communist terrorists. That was another jungle war, fought at close quarters - the conditions the Owen was designed for.

By the time of the Vietnam war, the Army had decided it needed a

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replacement for the Owen. It took the British Stokes submachinegun as a model — but instead of its 20-round side-mounted magazine, they gave it a top-mounted magazine like the Owen. The Owens were left with reserve magazines, and then put in place as the new PI machine carbines became available.

There are probably a lot still in stores, although it's not likely now that they'll ever be used again. But in their day they played a vital part in Australia's defense, and showed that Australia could produce from scratch a weapon equal to anything available.

developed abroad.

Private Evelyn Owen spent the war assisting in the development of his weapon. It was patented, and he received a royalty of five shillings a gun. Before the end of the war he sold the rights to the government for another 2000 pounds.

Owen died a few years later, still a young man. At that time, the weapon he designed still had a decade of service ahead — and the generation of Australian Diggers who used it in the Pacific war had already set the Owen name deep in the stone of history.

## DEATH RUN OF THE LONELY GIANT

*Continued from page 13*

65 tons going at full speed. A bomb hadn't been more effective. The boat was shattered to broken boards that flew skywards, and Catodon's great blunt head, followed by the massiveness of his body, leaped through the two separated fragments of bow and stern.

Broken men were scattered in a ring around him. Above them (those who were conscious) toward Catodon still in vertical position, a black shadow that blotted out the sun. Slowly he came over, then faster, faster, his body accelerated in a fall to the water. Men below screamed and tried to swim away. The whale's body crashed and water erupted on both sides. Then the great fins rose and fell, and the men behind who had escaped the crushing of Catodon, were hauled out of the water or hastened into it. Of the 26-man crew, eight lived, only one unbruised.

In the course of time the harpoon rope rotated away, and the cast-off harpoon barb became encrusted in his flesh.

Catodon swam steadily, occasionally diving in his endless search for his staple diet of cuttlefish. He recognised these water off the coast of South America by taste, temperature, salinity, a dozen different tests his body could give it. Without putting on any special speed he covered more than 50 miles a day, always travelling south. As he entered the cold Falkland Current, he heard a hollering chattering behind him, the signal that prey had been spotted, the hunting cry of the killer whales.

A rush of fear filled the massive whale. They were the one terror of the sea that not even he could deliver. Thick torpedoes of destruction, brilliant beasts who co-operated magnificently for mutual benefit. Compared to them, wolves were novices. These ravenous looking sloths with their white eye patch could catch anything and ate everything, most preferably — and right now Catodon was their choice, he didn't accelerate, only maintained that steady pace that kept him sailing through the sea. All the while he was thinking, planning. There were no ways to escape a pack of orcas — except suicide. Many whales threw themselves on the beach and died rather than be eaten alive. Catodon refused this, he had always fought for survival, and there was the



strange renderings he was compelled to keep him in the south.

As the killers approached, calling to each other to spread out to the flanks, Cetodon increased his speed. It was not so much a quickening of the fluked tail as it was increasing the power of each stroke. Behind him, the killers leaped from the water often to observe their prey and within an hour were overtaking him, chattering in their shrill way to each other.

One darted ahead in the characteristic lightning charge. Her jaw was to dash in from the side, grab the lower lip, hang on till another crew came in from the opposite side. If more were needed, more would come, and eventually they'd pull the lower jaw open. Then one or two killers would dive into the mouth and rip out the tongue. It was the single fatal attack on a behemoth such as Cetodon.

The whale rolled his eye, watching the crew pull ahead, observed it swerve around in a black and white flash, the final attack. Cetodon, without slowing speed, moved his head slightly to one side to keep the killer in view, and as the crew dived to attack from below and darted on

the jaw, the great head dipped, the lower jaw opened and Cetodon snapped her in the middle, crushed the 30-foot length with sheer weight. The massive head rose clear of the water, clapped the jaws to one side like a discarded toothpick. Then Cetodon shifted his head to get a view of the crew on the other side. That killer slowed his pace, veered away, convinced he was looking for something he dropped.

Behind, the gibbering of the pack rose to a shriek. It was generally agreed there were easier pickings in the vast sea, and Cetodon was left alone.

The water was growing colder now and as he passed the South Georgia Islands, he felt a quickening he hadn't known since his adolescent youth. As he dived and ate and swam, still outwardly placid, there was a sense of anticipation as though something wonderful was about to happen. He turned his pace, rushing towards... towards he didn't know what.

Five days later he was through the Drake Passage between South America and the Antarctic Peninsula. And there, south of 68 degrees, off Adelie Land, the door to his long

gone youth opened. Filled were the aches and pains that had plagued him. Here was life, riotous life, life so plentiful it pushed and shoved and elbowed and shouted at the top of its lungs *I'm alive, I'm alive*. The plankton was a white fog, fish were silver clouds, seals dived and leaped and crooked in happiness. This was the Sea Paradise. All he had to do was open his mouth and infinite nourishment! Food rained down. The bottom was covered with his favorite succulent. After scores of years of incessant labor, he took his ease, wallowing in this luxury. Sometimes he threw himself out of the water in sheer joy, a thing he hadn't done since his foolish youth, but he was young again, well nourished, muscles rippling on his frame.

The boat slowly approaching didn't bother Cetodon. He knew it was there. He had seen boats hundreds of times pulling nets behind them, and the arthly slow ones never bothered him. He was on the surface where he caught up with it at best, especially in the bright summer sun of the Antarctic. He couldn't see the flat-faced glasses swinging the heavy oar out around, waving directions to the men high in

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the wheelhouse, bring up both boat and explosive harpoon at Catoeden.

The gun boomed in the crackling South Polar air and the heavy harpoon hurtled out, trailing its long black rope, streaking for the stern whale. Just as the trigger was pulled, Catoeden had barely waved his flukes, feeling the heat was coming too near, and the only thing he allowed near him were females of his kind. Because of his movement the hundred pounds of metal harpoon struck hard, behind his vitals. It penetrated like a bullet hitting a man, then the fuse exploded, setting off a charge in his flesh, spewing the terrible burns that seared the very meat of him.

Catoeden leaped convulsively out of the water, the gun and shock lifting him straight up before he even knew he was wounded. Then he obeyed his first instinct and plunged down into the depths, moving as though hardened with iron.

Above, the exultant crew had stopped the line around an electric wrench and were making him fight the power of a machine. It didn't matter the shot hadn't seared in his vitals and killed him, the experienced men knew it was only a matter of time.

The great whale panted, driving forward, trying to flee the pain and just causing more of it. Only a pause brought down the level of torment and that lasted only till the line jerked back as the men pulled him in, and he threw himself against it, gnawing with the awful agony of ripped flesh.

How could he know that Death and bone couldn't defeat the innumerable power of a machine? He begged and begged and knew while he learned.

The one thing he did know from an experience far back in his memory was that man was his natural enemy — and had defeated him once. Catoeden tried to go deeper but this was a nylon rope with an iron hook in the middle that inflicted the dead

body of whale while they were towed to the factory ship. It stretched under his titanic pulling power, a little even gave off the polished noise of the electric wrench, and that was it. Catoeden had had his limits spelled out for him.

He charged straight up, driving the men away from their electric motor, taking in the slack. The gunner reloaded his weapon. Lookouts watched the ocean, expecting to see a bounding whale.

The blood-laden head of Catoeden striking at full speed smashed the boat. The giant whale expected to shelter it, keep on going through it. Instead there was a tremendous, dull, reverberating sound and he was ruptured from the metal hull, geysering.

The electric wrench was still working. The 10 inch bars cut at him. He went wild with the pain, plunged down, stripping his off the smoking wrench. Again he whirled and charged, smashed into the hull, literally head on. Again and again he beat at it. A 63 ton sledghammer pounding and pounding. The boat started to bend.

The killer boat was going full speed, the wheel man trying to avoid the mad dashes, the crew pulled like flies to the deck. Another issuance change and the keel went out of line, the wheelman now fighting the rudder to keep the boat in position.

Catoeden saw the movement of the rudder, attacked that. His first rush bent it. Successive blows started tearing it from its mountings, and ground the earth of the gears to useless metal. Now out of control, the ship lurched in a turn, twisting the nylon rope that held Catoeden around the propeller. A stab of pain at his back, the sharp blades sliced the bone, and he was free.

He fled, fled from the madness. He fled through the night, flukes beating, muscles sang with the rhythm of poison. All the next day he fled, still bleeding, trailing a

hundred yards of nylon rope behind him. Sharks homed in on the blood scent, driven mad by it. Although they swam like demons and puppered themselves there was no chance of catching this Leviathan. He didn't stop for food. He didn't stop for rest. He never stopped, he went on and on, living off his own body, absorbing tons of himself, fighting the toxin of fatigue. He was covering huge distances — something like 200 miles every 24 hours.

He still had great length but not bulk. He looked breadth of blood from his gaping wound. He was slowing gradually and his inimitable were visible whiskers.

Word was spreading of the great wounded whale. He didn't know it, he didn't care that he was now off the Gulf of San Matias. Now he had an objective and that too was conjectured among ship's radio operators. Where was he going?

Catoeden knew. He had slowed now, was constantly on the verge of drowning, the blood filling his lungs. His powerful muscles were turning to straws. He was moving painfully, only his unknown purpose driving him.

North of Monterrico he was barely able to move at all without tremendous effort. Gasping for air, beyond his last reserves of strength, he worked on will alone. The thick blanket of blubber was gone. His copiously seared skin hung. Even his great broad head was shrunken and drooping, dead of oil. Everything he had was going into these last few full movements, and a number of steps were urging him on.

Hanging, dying, he was swept into the Brazil Current, paused and panted, then dragged himself a little further, again a little further. He was where he wanted to be, in the warm waters. He shuddered and sank down, down into the comforting warmth where he had been born and lived and died. \*

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## THE RED CARD

Continued from page 21

won't let you leave without any say so."

"Oh!" she sounded thoughtful.

"Don't worry. I'll come down with you," he stretched, and rose from the bed.

Downstairs, he showed the red card.

They arrived at the Opera 20 minutes before curtain time. The foyer was resplendent with plush and uniforms, the air thick with tobacco smoke and perfume and loud conversation.

Tonya saw it all, and glanced at him with uncertainty.

Khrusov whistled to an usher. The man slipped away, returning in a moment or two with the manager, who looked family nervous.

The manager frowned, and they were whisked away.

Not only were there seats for them, Tonya saw, but they were the best in the house.

Khrusov smiled at her, a little apologetically, as if depreciating his host.

He was her best evening, at the

early end of twilight, and for half an hour they strolled the streets, looking in shop windows, talking. The streets were still thronged with people, the mid evening had brought the city dwellers out in shortsleeved and summer blouses to ride away the last hour of the day.

She touched his arm. "Wait."

He watched with mild interest as she ran across the pavement towards a flower seller, fumbling in her shoulder bag. In a moment she was back, clutching a bunch of spring flowers in a clolorful tissue wrapping.

"Why didn't you ask?" he said. "I would have bought them for you."

He used his eyebrows in good natured amusement, but said nothing.

The streets stretched out before them. The colors of the evening were muted now, the faces of the passers-by losing their clarity in the growing dusk.

She turned suddenly, stepped into his path, and stopped. He looked down into the pale face, puzzled. She seemed suddenly nervous.

"There's something I must tell you now," she murmured.

"Oh!" he said, and felt the sudden force agony in his chest. His

eyes lost their focus, his mind frozen on the intensity of pain behind his breathing. No, he thought, it can't be, not a heart attack... not at my age...

"For Darg," she said. "He was my brother."

The words rose to him on the agonizing perfume of the crushed flowers. Over her shoulder, as in a dream, he saw two policemen approaching, striding slowly along the pavement. He felt a hand searching his coat pocket and looked down at the crushed posy against his chest. As he watched, it fell, relaxed, and as she moved away he saw for the first time the tell-tale half inch of steel knitting needle protruding from its small scarlet blossom on his shirt front.

She was gone now, moving towards the approaching policeman, who, sensing something wrong, was hurrying their pace towards him. But she had something in her hand.

As he knew began to buckle, and he strode to blur of the edge, he saw her walk to the policeman and show them the red card... his red card... and walk past them as they turned away.

And that was the last thing he ever saw.

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# Barefoot Blonde





# Barefoot Blonde



## "I AM THE MAFIA'S BAGMAN"

Continued from page 17

him for four or five blocks, but waited until they were just a few yards behind him before risking his move. Then he sidled off the bike, picked it up by the seat and handlebars and threw it at their windshield, smashing the glass in all over them. The car went out of control, lunging up on the sidewalk and crashing half its length through the window of a supermarket.

Draper went the rest of the way to Scarsy Park on foot, arriving just about the time he'd told Chickie Wells he'd get there. The incident tickled Scarsy Park. "There's a right in their laps, did you?" He didn't even bother to deny it when Draper accused him of flinging the two boards. Instead, he said, "You got the right attitude, kid. The road must get through. I know all kinds of people that'll lay out big money for that kind of reliability. Let me go talk to some of them and see what we can line up for you. I got a feeling you just took your first step on the road to a great career."

It probably worries things a little to think of a bag man as having a "great career". But there's no other underworld skill that's valued so highly or that makes such harsh demands on an individual's capacity to dash out violence and also take it.

The bag man carries money. It's

usually payoff money, gambling gambling, narcotics or prostitution. It's always cash and during the period of its transit, it's always "top to grade". No one is recognized as having a legal claim to it. So anyone who can get his hands on it can call it his own.

"The first thing about a bag man is that he shouldn't call attention to himself," Ben Draper says as he looks back on 25 years of carrying the mail. "If you can stick the money in your pocket and ride it down on the subway without anyone spotting you, that's fine, that's great, that's the best you could do it. But you're not going to do it that easy too often."

"For one thing you're always going to be carrying so many bills to put in your pocket without looking as if you got a buck there. Here, all you got to do is look at the arithmetic of it. A million dollars in thousands — that makes a stack seven inches high. All right, most times you're going to be carrying it in smaller bills, too, fifties and hundreds. So that means something to carry it in, a paper bag, a lunch box, a valise, an attache case, one of those long boxes like for carrying flowers. It could be anything, but it's got to be something. So you can't sit there looking all that innocent. You got something in your hands and you got to be careful with it."

"But even more important than that, there's this. Nine times out of 10 the people that are looking to

grab the money know it's you that's carrying it. I mean you're all in the same line of work. People know that's what I do. I'm not going to put on a beard and glasses and go smoking just anyone. No, what's going to get me past people is having a .38 on me and everyone knowing I'll use it quicker than I'd guess. No thinking. No making up your mind. Someone looks at you a little cock-eyed? Flap him. It's an instant. Put it this way. They want to try taking the mail away from me? All right, that's their choice, but they know they could get themselves killed doing it. They know it's happened to 18 of them already."

Although Draper puts it all in the present tense, his bag man days are probably behind him. He's in protective custody somewhere in Washington, DC and doing some "singing" for the Federal authorities. The situation came about because he was damaged in November of 1973 under conditions he considers highly suspicious. The gambler, Arbie Atkins, gave him a stack of money to take from New York to someone in Denver, Colorado. But when Draper opened the bag to make a routine check of its contents, something inside it blew up in his face.

Although one eye was hanging out of his head and the flesh was hanging off his face in streaks, he managed to get his .38 out and empty it into Atkins' head before the gambler could make it out the door. Then he left the building, stepped a cab by pointing his revolver at the driver, and laid himself down in a hospital. The police were just seconds behind him and asking him questions while he was on the operating table.

They didn't have to press him hard. Draper had already decided to co-operate. It was clear enough that he'd been marked for killing. He'd been around too long. He knew too much. There would be no dealing with those who wanted him done away with, particularly now that their first attempt had failed. The police were the only ones who could offer him any protection — the Federal Government, actually, since he'd functioned in an honorable way in most instances. But their protection was contingent on his "singing" for them.

So Draper made the deal. He'd "sing". They'd protect him. There's also another part to the deal, some "gravy". He wanted a tape recorder. He's got it in his mind to write a book. "Velashki did it. They wrote a book about Joe Gallo, didn't they? So why not me?" There didn't seem



"First I got both hands occupied, then when he yelled 'Wait!' I shoved down the medicine."

to be any reason not to let him have it.

And that's the way it is with Bea Deper these days. He's in a small apartment somewhere in Washington and there are at least two armed guards with him every minute of the day. They check his food. They go with him when he has to use the toilet. He's constantly being interrogated about his deliveries: how much? From whom? What for? To whom? They take him back and forth from the days he earned a few hundred dollars here or there for beggarized whores to his "days of glory" as a trusted courier for thousand-dollar-a-clip gamblers and drug dealers moving vast sums of money across national borders and over oceans. "I been to Europe eight-one times, I been to Cuba and South America. I been to Japan."

His interrogators know he's tricky, so they keep at him for long stretches of time, knowing they have an easier time with him when he's tired. It doesn't give him much time to himself, but when he has it he works on his book, stretching himself up to his radio and snapping into it — a chunky, balding man with a vacant eye socket and a face that looks as though someone ran over it with a well-sharpened lawn mower — "They took over two hundred fragments out of the goddamn thing."

He doesn't lack a sense of humor ("the only reason I'm telling my cards is where do you find a broad to shack up with when you've got a knave like that?") but he's absolutely serious about his book. He thinks he's led a fascinating life and we want to tell the whole world all about it.

Some excerpts follow:

I never thought about getting killed. I never thought about getting shot up. But attempts have been made. On my way out of Cuba once

with a bundle of Mafia cash to be delivered in Miami, one of Castro's guerrillas tried to plug me. They found out how much money I had somehow, and Castro must have wanted it to help him wage the revolution. Yet those things never bothered me. I didn't worry about them. The only thing I worried about was not delivering the mail. I'd have nightmares about people coming up and grunting at me and taking the switch or the valise or whatever out from under my arm and the arm was numb so I couldn't move it, and I couldn't stop them from doing it. I'd wake up and I'd be wet from sweating and it was a thing that happened a lot of times, that kind of dream. Not delivering the mail. It could make me pale just thinking about it. Maybe that's why I was so good at it. There wasn't anything I wouldn't do to make sure I did.

Take that time in one of the big New York airports with thousands of people around while it was going on.

I'd been in London for a couple of days to pick up some money to bring to New York. Now, this was investment money. This was a stock broker named Fife-Roberts investing a million two-hundred thousand in one of the big East Side drug rings. There were some political guys involved. They were protecting the ring and it was their idea to let Fife-Roberts in as a lever to him because he is doing some kind of favor to them over there.

All right, Fife-Roberts got the money and he asked me what did I want to carry it in. I said just some kind of regular bag that they'd let me put under the seat instead of having to check it through. He found me something you could use for an overnight and then the two of us packed the money out.

Fife-Roberts looked at it sitting there in those nice, neat packs with a

thick rubber-band around each of them and he said, "How does it feel walking around with a bag in your hand knowing it's got a fortune in it?"

I said, "This trip it's not the money I'm going to have on my mind. It's not having my gun."

I was going to be leaving from Heathrow and they were really checking you over careful there because they were worried about hijacking. There was no way I'd be able to sneak a gun past their metal detector, so I decided there was no point in trying. But it hurt, it hurt. You heard about people saying they felt naked without their gun. Well, me it was worse.

Fife-Roberts looked worried. "Well, I hope there's something you'll be able to do if you run into trouble, Bea. That's an awful lot of money you've got there."

I said, "It anybody bothers me, I'm going to kill that motherfucker to go away. Maybe that will do it."

Sure there was something. I was going to be able to do. But why tell him about it? How could I know if maybe he had some kind of double-crossing plan in mind?

Well, I was right about them doing that careful check at Heathrow. Their detector even picked up my cigarette lighter, a big, shiny job I'd brought from New York. If they were spotting your carry-on luggage, I would have had to turn around and figure some other way to get back across the pond. But they weren't doing that yet. They just put everything through the detector.

There was nothing to the trip. I sat next to some kid, 12-13 or so, and talked baseball with him all the way back. I'm good for seeing two-three games a week right through the season and if I wasn't doing what I was doing, I'd rather be a ball player than anything else. Not

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"But first, a free cigarette!"

that I was good enough, but the idea of 30,000 people standing up and holding while you're running around the bases — that gets to me. Williams, May, Aaron, Meissel, Delaggio, Manila — I've seen them all 40-50 times and the whole trip from London to New York I was telling the kid about them.

Well, we get to New York and the way they do it there is have you do down through a kind of tunnel that goes direct from the plane to the terminal building, right into the waiting room of the line you're riding. What I always do is get off last because if there's someone waiting for you that shouldn't be, he might get a little nervous when he doesn't see you right away and show himself before he wants to. And that's what happened this time. I could see two fellows moving around there looking so though they lost something and I guess what they thought they lost was me.

I recognized them right away. The Rookas brother, Nick and Lester. That meant Mary had to be around there somewhere, too, because the three of them always worked together. I held back a little just outside the plane when I saw them there and the stewardess who was telling us thanks for flying with them said, "Anything wrong, sir?" from behind me, I said, "No, it's just that I need a cigarette," and I got one out and stuck it in my mouth and got the lighter in my hand, but I didn't use it, yet. Then I said to the stewardess,

"Now, I'm all right," and went down the tunnel into the waiting room.

The last of the passengers was just leaving it on the other side, so only Nick and Lester were there. But there was a lot of noise in the building from the other rooms and halls and everything and you could see people hurrying around past the glass doors. Neither Nick nor Lester was much for conversation. They just stopped up to me real close, Nick showing me a pistol with a silencer on it and Lester keeping a hand in his pocket so I'd know he had something there, too. Whatever talking they did, it was Nick that always did it. So this time he said, "Christ, it's like we hit you with your pants down, Ben. All right, give us the bag and then go look out the window there and at least you're out of it without losing your health."

I said, "Give me a minute to think about it. Let me light the cigarette."

Nick said, "Don't get wise, Ben. You're getting nervous! All right, light your cigarette, but hand the bag over while you're doing it and then walk over to that window."

I said, "All right, what the hell. Facts are facts" and lit the cigarette lighter and, of course, it has a tiny damper on it, and what? what? I'm getting two steps into Nick from about six inches away and at the same time I'm swinging the bag at Lester, which isn't such a bad idea except that it opens up when I hit him and the money starts tumbling out of it.

The Rookas work together all the time, but you wouldn't say what they had was an example of brotherly love. If that was it, Lester would probably have been down there trying to do something for Nick, pinching his life away with blood pumping out of the two holes I'd put in his chest. But, no, what he was doing was grabbing for the money and all I had to do was get my hand in the back of his hair and smash his face down on the floor two-three-four-five times. Then I dropped him there, stuffed the money back in the bag, closed it up and walked out.

Some people had seen the end of it from outside the glass doors, but they just went scratching back to get out of my way and I walked through them, saying, "Don't believe any of that. We're just practicing a scene from a movie we're making."

I took the escalator down to the main floor, saw the third brother, Mary, waiting at one of the exits and went over to her. The action was beginning by then, cops running in and a woman screaming somewhere, and I could see that Mary was all confused. Things weren't happening the way his brothers had told him they would. I said, "They're waiting for you back there, Mary. There's been a change in plans. They told me when I saw you I should tell you to go back to the waiting room so they can tell you what it is."

I delivered the money to Frenchy DePew, the head of the ring I was bringing it to, and of course he knew everything about it by then and he thought I handled it real good. "You got to be as awful cool out to think of picking up the money at a time like that, Ben," he said. "We're going to throw in another 2500 for your doing it that good."

That was Frenchy at 1969. Four years later it was Frenchy that gave Artie Atkins \$10,000 to blow that bag up in my face.

So that's one thing about this business. You never know where you stand.

The Feds have me down in their book for 18 killings. That agrees with my own figures, but they ought to also have me down there that I never killed anyone for fun and I never made it take longer than I had to. It was always business. It was never shooting them up in arms and legs and all that first to keep them alive a while the way some of them do it. You do that if it's your size of fun, but with me it was always business. The only one I would have ever done it to was Atkins and I didn't get a chance to. The eye was out of my

head and he was trying to get out the door and all I could do was slam every door I had into him somehow or other and then get out of there myself.

Like Truman dropping the A-bomb on Hiroshima, I never lost my sleep over it. But there was one time if it had worked out different, it would have been all right with me. That was when I was with Hanes Miller in 1971.

Hanes was all the Mafia's gamblers on the East Coast from Boston down to Charleston, South Carolina. He got the players, he got the places where the games were held, and he got his own people to be the "house" out of the organization he was the head of. The Mafia put up the protection and Hanes gave them a cut out of all his money. On an average week that comes to about \$12,000, which added up to about \$600,000 a year.

It was my job to collect the weekly take from all Hanes's games and deliver it to Vito Grimaldi in the back room of a barber shop on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn between four and five every Wednesday afternoon. But even more important than getting the money there was among that no one saw me doing it. The whole thing about the Mafia is that it's one link leading to another. You can't let the wrong people know you at any point because if they do they've got too good a chance of moving up the ladder.

All right, I used to put in three days a week picking up the money from Hanes's games down the route by car, starting at Charleston and working all the way up to Boston and getting back to New York on a Wednesday morning and then going out to the barber shop by subway in the afternoon, dressed like a sailor and carrying the money in a duffel bag. I was driving a good Buick and had it serviced at a place called Tom and Willie's every Thursday afternoon. The one thing I couldn't afford was a breakdown on the way. We were running on much too tight a schedule for that. So the service was important and Tom and Willie were good at what they did — both young guys, no more than 25, and always with a cheerful word for you and their prices were okay, too.

I made this one trip where I had some time on my hands in Baltimore and I picked up a girl in a bar and we had ourselves a pretty good time in the back of the car. Now this was a girl with a lot of passion, Naomi, and once she started getting turned up it was all gobbing and panting and "Honey, keep doing it," and "don't

let it stop, Honey," and Honey this and Honey that like she's going out of her mind. She was so horny, it was beginning to be a drag. I like things a little more under control than that, so I dumped her as soon as I was able to. Then I went ahead with the rest of my route, delivered the money to Vito in the barber shop, and the next afternoon I put the car in Tom and Willie's for the evening.

At four o'clock I went back to pack it up and Willie hands me my bill and says in that cheerful way of his, "Just the oil change and lubrication, Honey. Everything else is okay." I paid him and we kidded around awhile and then I went out of there without showing anything on my face about what I was thinking. But I was thinking plenty, mainly that he'd been calling me Ben for months and here suddenly it was Honey right after that crazy girl was doing it in the car in Baltimore.

So I drove the car to where I could look it over in private and it took me only about 10 minutes to find the bag they'd put in the padding of the rear seat. It wasn't much bigger than the top of a milk bottle, small enough so I could wrap it in my handkerchief. I did that and then drove back to their place. It was past five by then and they were getting ready to close up. Tom was doing something at the cash register and Willie was coming out of the can wiping his hands on a paper towel. They greeted when they saw me and Willie said, "Forget to anything?" and

I said, "No, but you did."

I put the handkerchief on the counter and motioned for Tom to open it up. He started to, but they both had to know what was inside because suddenly they both started scuffling like mad, only there wasn't room in there for them to get away. I got Tom by leaning straight over the counter and flinging down at the floor where he'd dropped and was drawing it in coversalls for a gun he had in there. Willie managed to get into the can, but I kicked the door open and laid him down onto the head and shot him sitting there with his mouth going, "No, no, for God's sake —" but no sound coming out, just his mouth masking the words.

We had to do a lot of fast work after that, moving all Hanes's games to different locations and abandoning the barber shop because we didn't know how much Tom and Willie had recorded. What we did know, though, was that they were Feds and that killing them was the only thing I could have done with them. Still, of all the 18 they're the only two it would have been all right with me if it hadn't happened that way. They weren't bad guys. It was just that they were on the wrong side of the fence.

One more thing about Tom and Willie: For a couple of months after I killed them, they were the ones that were taking the money away from me every night in my dreams.

But that was only for a couple of months, and then it stopped.



"That's quite a suggestion, rising lady. Allow me to sleep on it."

# LAST LAUGHS



"Darling," he whispered, "I love you, I adore you, I need you, I can't live without you."

"Please," she gasped, partly pushing him away.

"Why, what's wrong?"

"It's just that I don't want to get married," she said quietly.

"Who's nervous?" he asked.

\*\*\*

A fellow walked into a bar, had a beer and left 50 cents on the counter, which the bartender slipped into his pocket. The owner of the bar saw the incident and asked, "What exactly do you think you're doing?"

"How do you like that?" answered the bartender smoothly. "The guy comes in, drinks his beer, leaves me 50-cent tip, and then doesn't pay for his drink."

\*\*\*

Three elderly, retired gents were sitting in the park, comparing notes.

The first one said, "This sure marchion on. I'm losing my sight. I used to watch the birds over there the size, and could see every color in their feathers."

The second fellow said, "It's even worse for me. I used to be losing my hearing. I used to be able to hear the buzz of the bumble bee and even the squeaking of a mouse. But, not any more."

The third old gent said, "That's nothing. I used to be losing my card. Last night while my wife and I were lying in bed, she suddenly jumped up, threw off the covers, and said, 'We had it!' And do you know, I don't even remember giving it to her!"

The young lady was disconsolate even though her recently deceased husband had left her a huge fortune. Her best friend tried to console her. "You're still young, you still have your life ahead of you and he had to go sooner or later."

"You don't understand," the young widow replied, "He was the greatest loves. We lived next door to a church and he used to make love to me by the sound of the church bells. If it wasn't for that damn fire truck he'd be alive today."

\*\*\*

The compulsive gambler staggered home only to be met at the door by his mate wife. "Where the hell have you been till this hour?" she screamed.

"Never mind that," the husband replied. "You'll better pack your bags. I just lost you in a poker game."

"How could you do such a terrible thing?" he snarled with indignation.

"It wasn't easy," he explained. "I had to fold with a royal flush."

\*\*\*

The police officer shined his light inside the car where a young man and woman were locked in a compromising embrace.

"We're just making, officer," the young man said quickly.

"Well," said the policeman. "Put your stock back in your pants and move out of here."

\*\*\*

The boozie had taken his new secretary out for a drink. As they sat at their table he remarked, "Where? One more drink and I'll feel it."

"One more drink," she said. "And I'll let you!"

A woman driving a station wagon full of little children, couldn't see the red light until she was right on top of it because a long truck had stopped in the lane next to the curb. As a result the almost ran down an elderly gentleman crossing the street before she could manage to stop.

"Putting over his difficulties, he regard at her, "It looks like you don't know when to stop."

Without hesitation, the tanned lady chauffeur pulled her hand out the car window and yelled back, "They're not all mine."

\*\*\*

The Old Maid was having a difficult time with her concert. Nothing would raise her any more. Every night she was gone until the wee hours of the morning in desperation she took him to the vet, had him "fixed". The vet assured her that the cat would stay home now.

A few days later she came back into the vet's office. "You told me my cat would stay home," she complained. "He's still been gone every night since the operation!"

"Oh, he'll stay home after another week or so," the vet consoled her. "He's just not controlling reservations."

\*\*\*

"You used to hold my hand years ago when we were courting," she said as they were aids by side in bed. He reached over took her hand, and held it.

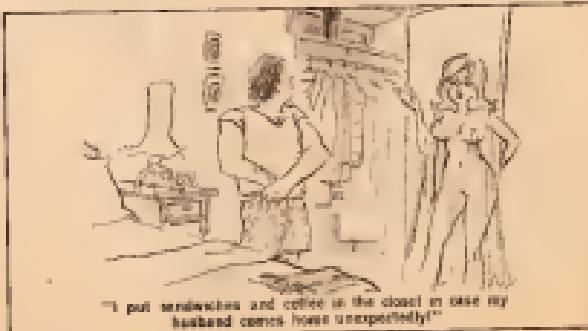
"Then you used to kiss me," she purred. He turned over, gave her a slight kiss, and then rolled over again trying to get to sleep.

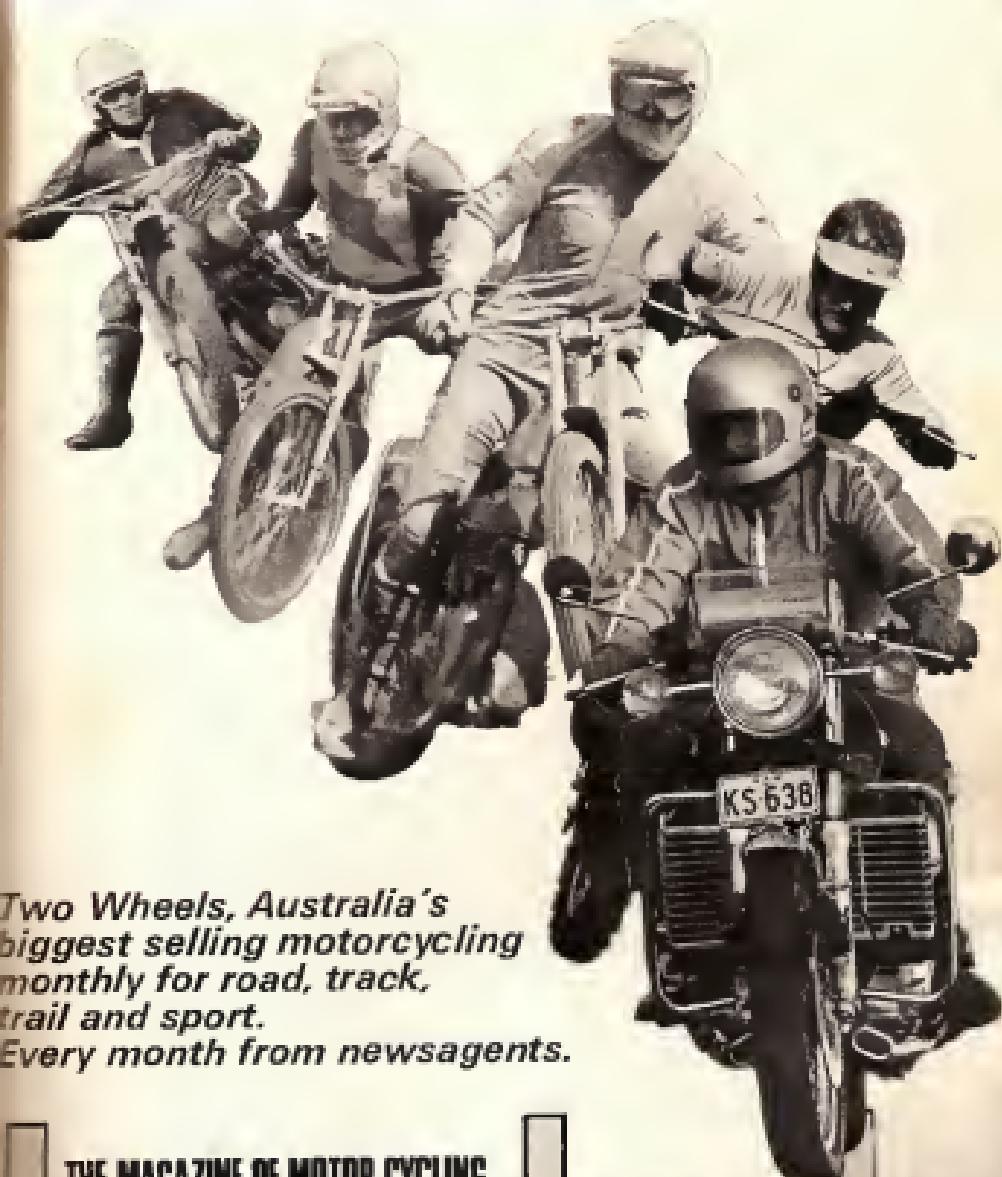
"After this, you used to bite my neck."

With this, the husband got up.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To get my teeth," he grumbled.





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Bookmakers	12/11/74	Hannington	14/11/74
STORY FEST	WON 20/1	FAITHFUL	WON 16/1
VERDANT	WON 2/1	CHIEF RULER	WON 2/1
ROYAL ROW	WON 7/2	GOLDEN TALLY	WON 2/1
TAKE EXTRA	WON 13/6	STORM TIDE	WON 2/1
GOLDEN FANTASY	WON 3/1		

Coupled 17/6/74.

Bookmakers	17/11/74	Hannington	18/11/74
CREWIE WICK	WON 8/1	FAITHFUL	WON 16/1
CAMERA	WON 15/2	BADMINTON	WON 2/1
FESTI PRINCESS	WON 2/1	DOWNING CUE	WON 2/1
THREE MAGIC	WON 3/1	FAIRBROTHER	WON 2/1

Monmouth Park	10/11/74	Ascot Valley	10/11/74
CHAMPIONSHIP TOAST	WON 11/2	FAIRIE QUEEN	WON 2/1
RESCUER	WON 4/1	SHINING STAR	WON 2/1
WHITE KING	WON 5/1	FAIRIE QUEEN	WON 2/1
OF TWO CITIES	WON 4/1	STEVEN JAH	WON 4/1
KEN VAIN	WON 13/4	SOUL WISDOM	WON 7/2

Bookmakers	18/11/74	Coupled	19/11/74
VEGETA	WON 13/1	WORLD WISDOM	WON 10/1
VERDANT	WON 5/1	MAN A MILLION	WON 2/1
EL RODEO MARE	WON 11/2	DEAN HILL	WON 2/1
SANDIA COFFEE	WON 3/1	SAUCER	WON 8/1

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